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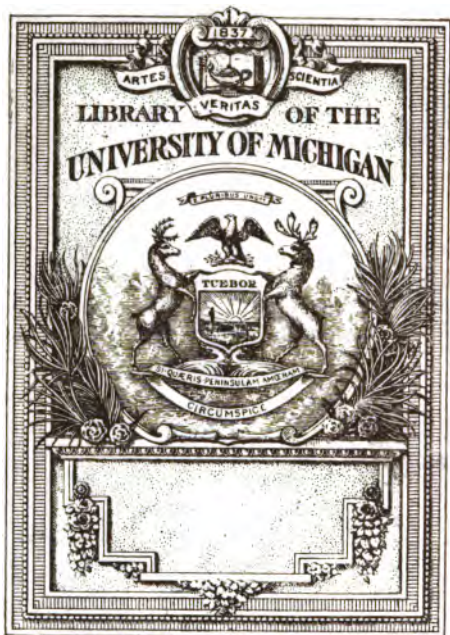
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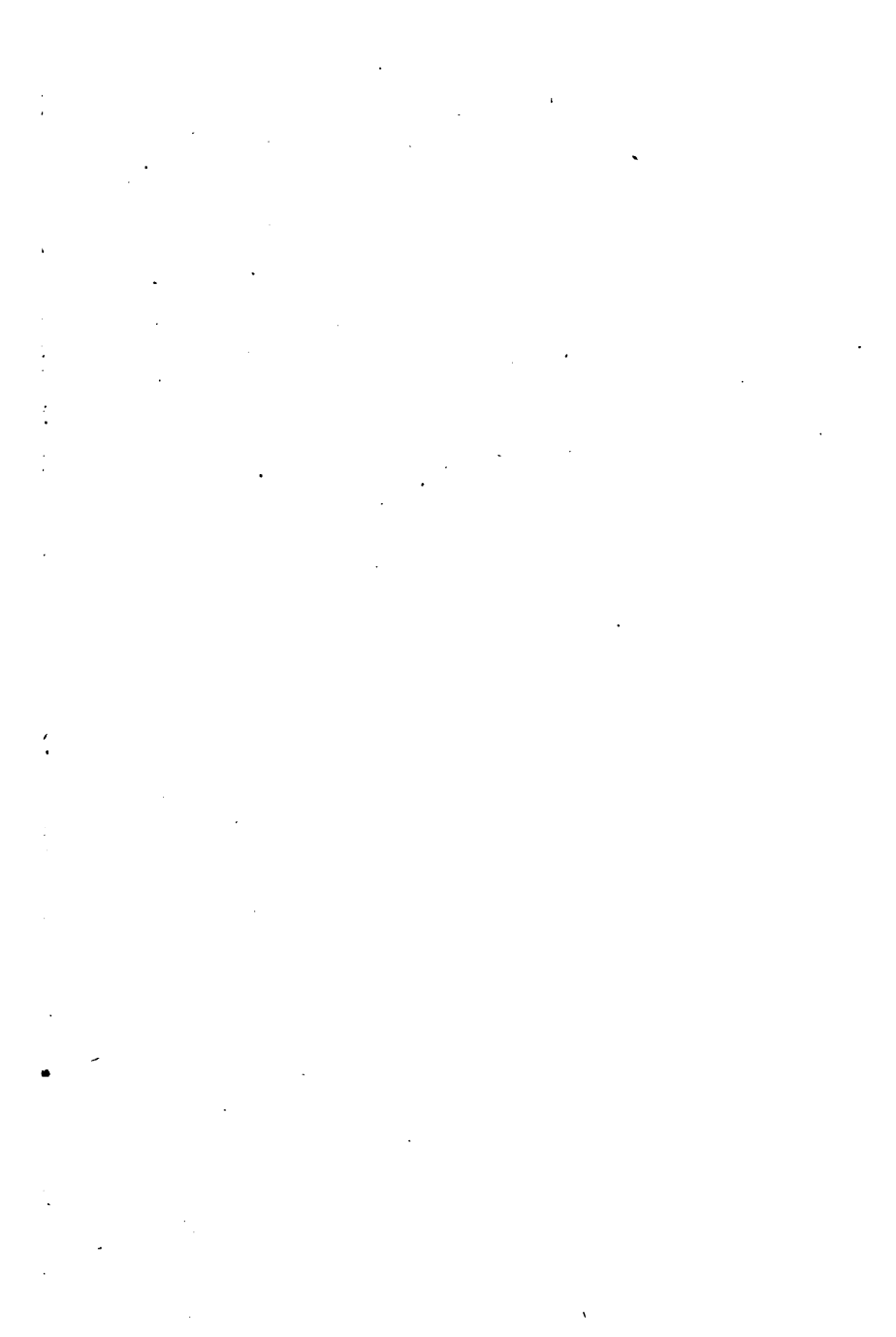


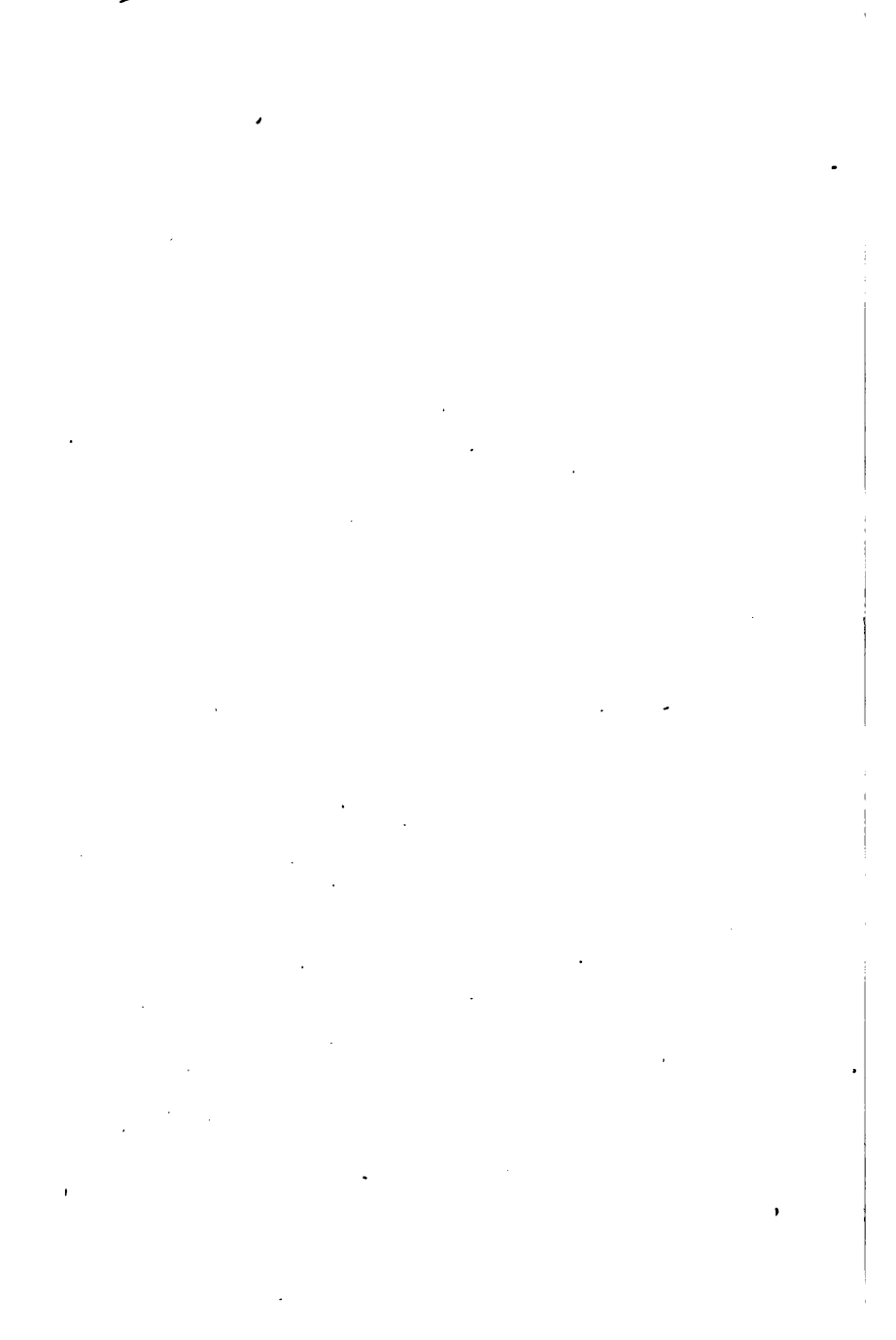


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# PRINCE KARL

*Novelized from the Play*



BY

**ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER**



**G. W. DILLINGHAM COMPANY**

**PUBLISHERS**

**NEW YORK**





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*Issued October, 1907*

**PRINCE KARL**

# PRINCE KARL

## PART I

### A DESPAIRING PRINCE



DISTANT strains of "Verlegenheit" float softly on the evening air as Howard Algernon Briggs, a young man decidedly and aggressively English in manner and appearance, an exaggerated specimen of what in America is called "an Anglomaniac," strolls along the little balcony of the Hotel Bellevue, Coblenz, Germany,

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gazing in an abstracted manner at the moon-lit Rhine.

“Fine gal, Alicia. Fine gal, by Jove!” he lisps, as he readjusts his monocle, lights his cigar and languidly seats himself in view of the corridor of the hotel where Markey Davis, the deaf old English proprietor, stands at the end used as the office, looking first at the register on the counter and then at the ledger on the desk, mumbling, as he takes a slip of paper from the ledger: “Five dozen oysters, thirty marks; four sweetbreads and Italian green peas, forty marks; Tuscan strawberries, one hundred marks. The Prince will have a princely bill at the Hotel Bellevue, Coblenz. It is not every hotel that has a prince on its bill of fare—I mean on its register.”

The old man rubs his chubby hands

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together in glee, as he continues: "Johannesburg — Tokay Imperial— Chateau Yquem!" then calls sharply to a wizen-faced, bowlegged waiter who has just entered: "Gustavus, see that his Highness' dinner in honor of his betrothal to the rich American widow is served. The formal ceremony of marriage takes place immediately after."

As Gustavus glides out to do his master's bidding, Markey again rubs his hands in evident satisfaction as he returns to the hotel register, saying: "Ah, what a crowd of Americans are drawn to my hotel by his Highness' presence here!" and adds, as Miss Alicia Euclid Lowell, a tall and exceedingly erect young lady, comes striding up to the counter: "Here is one of them now."

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A very handsome brunette is Miss Alicia, with glossy black hair, a rich creamy complexion and very tempting red lips, although she assumes a very severe, almost masculine, air as she says to the hotel proprietor in a clear, authoritative tone: "Mr. Markey Davis, Mrs. Lowell wants her bill made out."

Mr. Davis, somewhat startled by Miss Lowell's abrupt manner and perhaps confused by the beauty of the marble-like bust and shoulders that rise from her evening gown, places his hand behind his ear, stammering: "Eh? Bill? Bill who?"

"Bill made out!" screams Alicia. "We leave to-night for the Tyrol."

"You leave before dinner?" asks the hotel proprietor, with concern.

"What, miss the first Prince's din-

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ner I've ever eaten?" snaps Miss Alicia. "No. I shall swallow it like a mathematical demonstration, corollaries, scholiums and all!"

"Eh, scholiums—what's that?" demands Mr. Davis. "A new dish?"

"A new dish!" laughs Alicia. "No. I was educated at Vassar College and I'm mathematical—I run our party on mathematical principles—send me your bill for Mrs. Lowell."

"Which Mrs. Lowell?" asks Davis, looking at the register, "Mrs. Priscilla Daphne Lowell or Mrs. Florence Arhnein Lowell?"

"The rich Mrs. Lowell, of course," answers the precise young lady, "and I'll see you don't rob her of a cent. I'm mathematical and can add."

As she turns toward the balcony, Davis, looking after her, mutters: "I

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don't like girls who can add." Then he cogitates as he makes out the bill: "Mrs. Priscilla Daphne Lowell—she's the one the Prince is to marry; she must have the rhino!"

Mr. Howard, who has been gazing at Miss Lowell with as great admiration as his phlegmatic nature permits, saunters forward. As he approaches, Miss Alicia greets him with a breezy, "Good-evening, Mr. Howard Algeron Briggs."

"Ditto to you, Miss Alicia Euclid Lowell," drawls Howard.

"By the way, Mr. Davis," says Alicia, turning to the proprietor, "you needn't secure a courier for us—the Prince has recommended his foster brother for the job!"

"Isn't the Prince a jolly buck?" remarks Howard.

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"A regular axiom!" replies Alicia, tersely.

"Miss Alicia, don't use slang!" pleads Howard Algernon, giving the young lady a glance that he thinks must make her heart beat very rapidly.

"An axiom! Slang?" laughs the Vassar College girl.

"Yes, and it's not good form, don't you know. But I say, what's an axiom?" queries Mr. Briggs.

"Something you can bet your money on and never lose," answers Alicia in a decided tone.

"Well, I don't think I'll go my cash on the Prince's matrimonial stakes," observes Howard, slowly, putting his hands into his pockets. "Your aunt is fifty-five? sixty? how old?"

"My aunt's age is an unknown



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quantity," answers Alicia, jocosely, as she walks to a seat on the balcony.

"The Prince must think her the rich Mrs. Lowell," suggests Mr. Briggs, coolly seating himself beside her.

"Yes, my aunt bullies and bosses her rich daughter-in-law till everyone thinks she is the rich one and Florence the dependent. She holds her dead son's memory over his young widow till poor Florence thinks it is a shame to look at a man, keeps retired and lets my aunt spend her fortune as if it were her own. My aunt's head is as level as a billiard table!"

"And that Spartan Spotts, the Chicago speculator, helps the matter. The Prince must have made a terrible mistake. How he will swear when he finds he has drawn the wrong card,"

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drawls Howard, as he attempts to take Alicia's hand.

But at this moment the strident tones of Mrs. Priscilla Daphne Lowell are heard expostulating: "Now, Florence, I insist that you remain retired."

"Hush, Algy!" cries Alicia, withdrawing her hand, and suddenly rising, "here comes the 'wrong card!'"

"Then I'll run off and arrange my necktie for the Prince's dinner," falters Howard Algernon.

"Ah, aunt, how are you this evening?" inquiries Alicia, as Mrs. Priscilla Daphne Lowell enters with an air of great determination and takes a seat in the corridor. She is a woman who, judging from her walk and figure, is sixty years of age. Her head is adorned by a very elaborate blonde wig; her cheeks and lips are made red

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with the free use of rouge, and her figure is gorgeously arrayed in a magnificent evening gown, cut very low. The too plenteous application of powder has almost dimmed the handsome diamonds and pearls that surround her neck, yet all these cannot conceal the flabby cords that speak so truly of advanced years, while beneath the filmy laces of her corsage the yellow and shriveled old bosom palpitates with indignation as she replies: "I am distracted!"

"What? On your wedding day!" exclaims her niece.

"I am more than distracted," asserts the aunt. "I am wild. Florence actually insists that five years' mourning and retirement are enough for the memory of my poor dead son, and that her heart is not broken for

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all time by her first husband's passage to eternity. These are fearful sentiments for a young widow!"

"Perhaps your example——" intimates Alicia.

"What has my example to do with it?" snarls the old lady. "True, I am about to make another man supremely happy," she continues, her manner changing to that of a bashful maiden, "but my husband has been dead over twenty—— I—I mean over five years. But where is my fiancé, that dear, delightful prince? Hotel keeper," she calls in supercilious tones, "where is his Serene Highness this evening?"

"His Highness is in Suite V, preparing to receive you, noble madam," answers Davis, coming from behind the counter. "And as your niece re-

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quested—allow me,” bowing obsequiously, “to present your bill.”

Looking at the bill the old lady reads: “Mrs. Priscilla Daphne Lowell,” then commands, with an elaborate wave of her wrinkled and much bejeweled hand: “Make out your bill for Mrs. Florence Arhmein Lowell. I always direct my daughter-in-law to pay my bills—it is more convenient.”

“Financial exercise is good for young maids!” remarks the cringing boniface.

“Yes, and long pockets,” interrupts Alicia, glancing at the bill, which she has taken from her aunt. “You have made a mistake of twenty marks in the addition, Mr. Davis.”

“Oh, yes, too little,” stammers Markey, in embarrassment, and affecting great deafness.

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"No—too much," yells Alicia in his ear.

"She comes from Vassar," proudly asserts the aunt.

"Damn Vassar," mutters Davis to himself, as he goes behind his desk.

"And now the Prince will be impatient for me, Alicia—and, Alicia, call me Aunt Daphne in the Prince's presence—you know he always calls me Daphne," smirks Mrs. Lowell. After a moment she continues, suspiciously: "Do you know, he has sent an invitation to Florence?"

"Oh, mere politeness," replies the Boston girl, evasively. "He has never seen her."

"Of course not—you know that my advice and my authority have been used to keep Florence out of all society while she wears mourning for

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my dead boy—but now,” snivels Florence’s mother-in-law, “she declares she is going to accept.”

“The Prince’s invitation?” questions Alicia.

“Yes,” responds Daphne, with indignation. “Isn’t it horrible! I have impressed upon her the fearful impropriety that her appearance in deep mourning would be at a wedding dinner!”

“She must be in love,” muses the Vassar girl.

“With whom?” shrieks the enraged mother-in-law.

“Shakespeare says, ‘Woman loves but man,’” elusively responds Alicia.

“With a man! Let me see the man who would dare rob me of my daughter-in-law—who would spend all her money on himself—who would—

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my Heavens!—perhaps give her another mother-in-law,” snorts Daphne, rising and pacing the corridor excitedly.

“Who would rob you of your daughter-in-law’s fortune,” jeers the niece.

“But I’ll reason with Florence again. I’ll even command,” asserts Daphne. She stops and listens, then cries: “I hear her singing. She’s coming down stairs and oh, horrible, my eyes are blasted by the sight, she is not in mourning!”

As Daphne staggers to a chair, Mrs. Florence Arhmein Lowell, a beautiful young lady of twenty-one, her well-proportioned head, crowned with a wealth of soft, wavy brown hair, supported by a neck of enchanting whiteness, her piquant face lighted



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by eyes that would be sapphires were they not made dazzling by the soul that shines through them, reflecting each emotion of her vivacious mind. Her figure, betwixt girlhood and womanhood, retaining the graces of one and the contour of the other, and robed in one of Worth's latest creations, gaily trips to her irate mother-in-law; she cries in happy tones, as she exhibits herself: "Mamma, here's a jolly surprise for you!"

"A surprise?" echoes Daphne. "A shock! For the first time in five years, Florence, you are not in black!"

"Yes. Admire me. I'm once more a butterfly," laughs the disobedient Florence.

"You have forgotten your dead husband, my poor angel boy," sobs Daphne.

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“Oh, aunt! Florence, this is cruel,” interrupts Alicia, reprovingly.

“Yes, it is cruel in you, Mamma. I married your son when I was a child too young to love anything but caramels,” pouts Florence, as she stoops to caress a little white kitten that comes purring toward her.

“You were fifteen,” observes Daphne, severely.

“The true caramel age,” answers Florence, tritely. “I married him, a boy of eighteen, because my adopted father’s fortune had passed to me, and you said my adopted father wished it, and I wanted to do you all the good I could with my money, and now you want me to grieve over the memory of a boy, who died of the measles, till I am sixty and have no chance of another husband.”

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“No chance of another husband? Look at me,” proudly proclaims the elderly Mrs. Lowell.

“Mamma, very few widows of your age are as fortunate as you in catching another husband of—how old is the Prince—sixty?”

“No,” replies Daphne, coquet-  
tishly.

“Fifty-five — fifty — forty-five?”  
guesses the young widow.

“No,” answers Alicia, with a whim-  
sical wink.

After consideration, Florence haz-  
ards: “Forty?”

“No!” simpers Daphne.

“Seventy?” suddenly ventures her  
daughter-in-law.

“No!” snaps the bride-elect.

“Oh, Mamma, not eighty?” de-  
mands Florence, reproachfully.

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“Frivolous girl, he is twenty-five,” replies Daphne, with dignity.

“Twenty-five? Oh, Mamma! Absurd!” cries Florence in disbelief.

“Yes, he is twenty-five years old and a variable fraction constantly becoming larger,” affirms Alicia.

“Twenty-five and a variable fraction—I mean a Prince. Oh, delightful, why I really think that I’ll——” Florence hesitates in her speech, shakes out her train and arranges her toilet coquettishly.

“That’s what she’s come down stairs for, that’s what she’s taken off mourning for, she wants to rob me of my Karl,” cries Daphne, in the agony of despair, as she throws herself into Alicia’s arms.

“Oh, no, Mamma dear, I don’t want to rob you of your Karl—I

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have a Karl of my own," she whispers to the kitten.

Quickly recovering from her agitation, Daphne rises with great dignity, saying: "I shall go now to my Prince and if you, Florence, dare to look at him, beware! I shall exert all the authority of a mother-in-law, and that means a good deal in Germany!" With this parting shot she passes into an adjoining room.

"The authority of a mother-in-law," repeats Florence. "Well, I am twenty-one and am tired of the authority of a mother-in-law. Some day I'll forget to sign a check and then Mamma will feel the authority of a capitalist, which is much more powerful — eh — Miss Mathematics?" she laughs, as she gives Alicia a playful pinch. "Do you know that since I've

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thrown away crêpe I've become light-hearted—even the birds' songs are more joyous."

"Birds' songs?" echoes Alicia, looking about.

"That is they would be if there were any birds about here to sing," replies Florence. "Do you know why I have thrown off the retirement in which my mother-in-law wished to seclude me? Now don't blush—it is—because—I am in love. Oh, you *are* blushing."

"I am not," contradicts the Boston girl, "but *you* are. Didn't you love your husband?"

"Oh, yes," replies Florence, nonchalantly, as she glides into a big, comfortable chair, crosses her pretty feet, throws a soft round arm above her head, "with the burning lemonade passion of fifteen. At that time I

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should have defined love as an enjoyment."

"And now as a what?" demands Alicia.

"Suffering," sighs the lovely widow.

"Ah, then you do love," cries Alicia, as she perches herself on the arm of Florence's chair, displaying a pair of ankles that would send even the tepid blood of Howard Algernon Briggs to a very high temperature were he present.

"Don't I," cooes Florence, dreamily.

"Who," asks Alicia, her great excitement causing her to be careless in speech.

"Ah, I don't know whom," answers Florence sadly. "That makes the suffering."

"But surely you have seen him?" gasps Alicia.

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“Seen him? He has kissed me,” admits Florence in rapturous memory.

“Kissed you!” exclaims the Vassar girl. “Florence, for shame! Milton says, osculation is only proper between legal connections.”

“Only once,” falters the erring one, “when he bade me good-bye. Look, right there on the cheek.”

“One and one-half inches perpendicularly below the center of the left eye-lid,” calculates Alicia, as she gravely examines Florence’s cheek.

“Yes, in a horizontal line two inches and a hair’s breadth from the apex of my nose. Look carefully, do you see the mark?”

“No,” replies Alicia, very seriously.

“Well, it was two months ago, but it seems to me as if I feel it yet—Alicia, that kiss burns me still. Let



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me tell you about him." With promise of such tender revelations, Alicia snuggles into the chair with her sweet companion, listening with bated breath as the blushing little widow continues:

"You remember when it was thought I would be poor? When that lawyer, Mr. Dragon of Chicago, said he would discover in Germany a nephew who would succeed under my Uncle Arhmein's will to all his great property and leave me nothing?"

"Yes, when aunt thought she would lose all her money," assents the Boston girl.

"Precisely. Well, we went into the Tyrol near Mirian, on the Italian border, to economize. One Autumn day, sitting beside a glacial stream, singing my favorite song, I heard an echo—looked up—and saw him."

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“Whom?”

“The man of all men. He was dressed as a lieutenant in the German army. He looked at me—I gazed at him. It was done. Alicia, we loved—I did not tell Mamma. We met for a week, every day, each day brighter than the day before—until we parted——”

“And he left you? The wretch!”

“Don’t you dare call him anything but an angel!” commands the dainty widow. “I left him, left him because I loved him. He was of high rank, I think, but poor. I thought at that time I would be poor also—German law compels a lieutenant’s bride to bring a certain dowry. I did not think that I should have it, and so—we did not join hands though our hearts were one,” sighs Florence.

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“But now?” demands the excited confidante.

“Now that we hear no more from those Chicago lawyers of the German heir, I am going to find that poor lieutenant and give him a wife who loves him, and a fortune that’s worth nothing unless he helps me spend it,” replies Florence, with determination. “I have already purchased the old castle of Karlshopp, near where I first met him.”

“Bully for you!” cries Alicia, in tones of admiration. “But you don’t know him.”

“I know his regiment. It is the 10th Uhlans.”

“The Prince’s regiment!” exclaims Alicia.

“Then the Prince can tell me the name of every Karl in it,” cries the widow, rising excitedly.

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"I dare say," answers the Boston girl, calmly. "He's called Karl himself."

"Then we'll go and ask him," asserts Florence, rising, with determined air. "I believe that is the parlor of Suite V, in which he is now receiving his guests," she continues, moving hastily along the corridor.

"But if your Karl should have forgotten you?" calls Alicia, following her.

"Forgotten me? Ah, no! That is impossible! He still loves me. I know by woman's instinct."

"I prefer man's demonstration," remarks the graduate of Vassar, dryly.

"Don't you dare put cold mathematics on my warm love," pouts Florence; then sneers: "Show me this

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curiosity—this Prince of twenty-five who is going to marry a woman of sixty.”

“There he is, next to my aunt,” says Alicia, in low tones, as they look in through the half-open door of Suite V.

“What!” gasps the pretty widow, starting back in amazement, “that man in uniform?”

“Yes. See, he’s kissing her wrinkled hand and making a very wry face over it. Come on, aunt is beckoning to me,” laughs Alicia, as she enters the room.

“The miserable sycophant!” almost sobs Florence, as she shrinks away from the door. “That creature who would marry an old woman for her money! That fortune hunter! That poltroon is the man I loved. Oh, how

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his kiss burns me!" she shivers in disgust, as she rubs her delicate cheek. "He thinks her rich! That shall be his punishment! Punishment for them both! They shall live on love and love only! Love in the morning—love at midday—love at mid— Ah, how I hate him!" Tears of anger and grief well up in the beautiful azure eyes, but are quickly brushed away, as Mr. Howard Algernon Briggs comes languidly forward, saying: "Awh, just in time for the Prince's dinnah, my cousin."

"You know the Prince?" demands the widow.

"Know the Prince? Well, rather!" replies Howard Algernon in boastful tones. "He's my bosom friend. He has done me the honor to borrow one thousand marks of me."

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“Ask him for his money,” sneers Florence, with blazing eyes.

“Awsk him for me money. Not a bad ideah, little cousin,” drawls Mr. Briggs, sauntering towards the Prince’s apartment. “I will, after I have eaten his dinnah.”

“And I shall let them be the victims of each other,” soliloquizes the irate little widow. “Let them marry, and she discover that he is a fortune hunter—and he find her to be a pauper and treat her as such a man would treat a pauper wife. No—that is too cruel a fate for any woman,” she reflects, her mobile face softening. “I will unmask them to each other. But how?” She meditates for a moment, then, turning quickly to the hotel office, sounds the bell on the counter several times very sharply.

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“Did you ring, ma’am?” stammers the old hotel keeper, coming from behind his desk.

“Yes,” answers Florence, sharply. “The bill for Mrs. Florence Lowell.”

“It is made out, noble lady,” says Davis, going to his desk and hastily returning with the bill, which he presents with great ceremony on a dingy salver.

“Have the courier I ordered report at once,” commands Mrs. Lowell. “We leave by the boat for the upper Rhine in an hour.”

“Oh!—ah!—the courier, Miss—that girl from Vassar College said it was attended to,” stammers Davis, as Gustavus comes from the Prince’s apartment, leaving the door open. As he does so, merry laughter is heard. The hotel keeper laughs loudly; then stop-



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ping suddenly, asks: "Did you laugh, ma'am?"

"No," snaps Florence, waving her hand in the direction of Suite V.

"Oh, yes," chuckles Davis, "princes are always witty!"

"You have a Prince in your house? A *genuine* Prince?" asks the young lady, sarcastically.

"Oh, yes, noble lady," replies the Boniface, glowing with pride, as he takes the register and reads, "Karl Von Arhmein, Prince of the German Empire, Baron Holstine of Denmark, Duke of Hesse Dunderburg in Silecia, Count of Salsburg in the Tyrol, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera!"

"Is that he, in the Lieutenant's uniform?" asks Florence, pointing to the open door of Suite V.

Davis, stepping cautiously forward

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and looking into the Prince's apartment, returns, saying: "Yes, that's 'im—a young prince of the most care-nothing-what-he-spends character. I met him as he came off the boat a week ago. He looked very sad. I begged him to honor my hotel with his august presence. At first he refused—but at last, to my humble entreaties, he consented, with these kindly and familiar words: 'Markey Davis, you Henglish rascal,'—that's me, noble lady—'you will doubtless swindle me on your bill, but I shall perhaps swindle you by not paying it.' Very witty for a prince."

"Very sensible for a *penniless* prince," jeers Florence.

"Penniless?" echoes the astonished Davis. "Himpossible! I saw his father, the late Prince, lose fifty thou-

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sand on a Derby and one hundred thousand at Baden Baden. His father was the greatest gambler in all Europe."

"Probably that's the reason his son is a pauper," remarks the lady, pettishly.

"Oh, yes, he's popped," chuckles Markey.

"I said a pauper," Mrs. Lowell angrily shouts in the old man's ear.

"But his Highness is going to marry that rich American widow," persists Davis.

"I am the rich American widow," asserts Florence, with great dignity. "The Prince is deceived. Who pays your bill here? Whose name is on that check?" she demands, haughtily, pointing to the check she has just given in payment of her bill. "That lady the

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Prince is about to marry is dependent on my bounty. Send the Prince his bill and see if he pays it," she sneers.

"A prince about to marry a pauper! This *is* a degenerate age!" exclaims Davis. "A prince not pay his bills; I'll send him mine at once," he declares, rushing back to his desk, and with trembling fingers beginning to make out the bill.

Laughter is again heard from Suite V, as Florence turns sadly away. Glancing cautiously into the Prince's apartment, as she passes, she sobs: "Ah, how noble he looks, noble even in his degradation—noble!" Then she scoffs: "The nobility of a serpent—marrying *her* when he might have had *me!*" and goes faltering up the stairs, like a stricken bird.

"Send him his bill," croaks the

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frightened old Englishman, as he writes. "My God, if he should not pay his bill!" Then catching sight of the bowlegged waiter ambling toward Suite V, bearing a large dish of luscious looking fruit, he suddenly demands: "Here, Augustus, what are you carrying there?"

"Raspberries, for the Prince," responds Gustavus, humbly.

"Take back the raspberries for the Prince," shouts Davis.

"But his Royal Highness is in a hurry," insists the trembling waiter.

"For his bill? Take his bill to him first!" commands the angry hotel keeper, snatching the raspberries from Gustavus and giving him the bill. As the waiter hurries away with the Prince's bill, which is a very long one, Davis paces the little office abstract-

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edly gulping down the precious raspberries at a lively rate.

“Three thousand seven hundred and fifty marks in one week, the extravagant young profligate!” he mutters, between clenched teeth.

“If he should not pay—if he should not pay—but then if he should——” Taking another turn past the inviting berries he again fills his spacious mouth, then suddenly cries: “Oh, jiminy, eating raspberries at twenty marks a plate! I must be crazy!” and pushes the tempting fruit from him, as Gustavus re-enters with an envelope in his hand. Davis rushes wildly at him, and seizing the paper exclaims, almost hysterically: “God be praised! It is a check. Yes, I knew it would be all right—I knew it would be all——” he hesitates, cry-

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ing: "Hello, what's this?" and his eyes bulge in astonishment, as he reads: "Send me one thousand two hundred and fifty marks and make your bill an even five thousand, signed, Von Arhmein." "The German swindler," shrieks the old man, "dares to joke with me!" then yells: "Tell him, Gustavus, he must pay his bill."

The waiter slinks away as the greedy old man goes on wringing his hands in true Shylock despair, moaning: "If he should not pay—if he should not pay—perhaps he may not pay. Men have been known not to pay hotel bills." These ravings are interrupted by Gustavus coming forward with shaking knees, saying: "His Highness says as how I am not to disturb his guests, and if I bother him any more he'll pay me in kicks."

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“Tell him I insist on the cash! I *will* be paid! Understand—I will be *paid!* Demand payment again,” roars the hotel keeper.

“Perhaps it would be better if he paid you in person,” gasps the shivering waiter.

“Obey me or I discharge you!” thunders the old Englishman, hustling Gustavus towards the Prince’s parlor. “The German swindler—he shall pay—the German swin——,” the word is frozen in his throat by a bloodcurdling yell, as out of Suite V shoots the most terrified looking waiter he has ever beheld.

Gustavus, with rolling, staring eyes, his wizen face ghastly green and every hair of his towy German head bristling with fear, is propelled forward with terrific force by the delicate looking yet



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powerful military toe of Prince Karl Von Arhmein's aristocratic boot. A farewell punt sends the affrighted but uninjured waiter through the revolving screen that separates the hotel office from the entrance to the kitchen, as the indignant Prince strides forward. His figure of average height is very slender, but has that erect and graceful activity which is produced in open air—not by the exercise of the athlete, but that of the soldier. He has an intellectual forehead, a resolute chin and lower lip. These perhaps would be too stern did not the softness of his blue eyes have in them trustfulness and merriment as well as intelligence and passion. His soft light hair is closely cut to his finely shaped head, while his handsome mustache scarcely conceals a delicate upper

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lip, which, together with the eyes, give tenderness, almost pathos, to a countenance that otherwise would look too combative. Altogether he looks like a man who could win a woman's heart and take very good care of it, though perhaps his present appearance would hardly please one of the strong-minded sisterhood, for there is in it too great an indication of command and domination.

"Your Highness," falters Davis, in frightened tone, bowing low before the Prince.

"Send you to me an odder vaiter mit less insolence und more vine," orders the Prince, haughtily.

"Karl, my Prince, what are you doing, dearest?" calls Daphne, approaching her betrothed coyly.

"Ordering more vine, mine precious

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heart," answers Von Arhmein, ceremoniously conducting the frivolous old dame to a distant chair.

"Oh, I am so tired of loafing dot old voman I shall drown mineself—in spirits," he sighs in disgust, as he returns to Davis.

"More vine, villain innkeeper, more vine for a man mit a broken heart!" he commands.

"But the money?" feebly asks Davis.

"Der moneys vill be allridt vhen Spartan Spotts arrives—more vine. Would you degrade a noble Von Arhmein before his invited guests?—more vine or I horsevip your small souls out of your big boots! More vine! More vine dot I may not see straight ven I look at her! More vine! Und I'll pay your leetle bill."

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“Pay my bill? Yes, your Highness,” cries Davis, with beaming countenance moving toward the kitchen with great alacrity as he calls:

“Gustavus! more wine for his Excellency!”

“Dere goes a miserable vorldling dot tinkt more of his moneys dan of mine honor,” sighs the impoverished Prince. Seeing his dejection, Daphne suddenly nestles up to him, saying: “At last, beautiful one, we are alone. Our first tête-à-tête on our wedding evening.”

“Alone? Ach! Mein Himmel! Alone mit her? I vill call some one,” he shudders, as the amorous widow makes little rushes and dashes for him, which he evades with the active wariness of a mustang dodging the lasso.

“Oh, I know I can trust you, my

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beautiful one! You may kiss my hand," she murmurs, sinking into a chair, somewhat overcome by her unsuccessful efforts to capture the Prince.

"Mine loafing—I—I—I have kissed every wrinkle on it," stammers the alert Karl.

"Wrinkle?"

"Oh, ah—excuse mine English dictionary—I meant *dimple*."

"Then kiss every dimple again, my Princeling."

"Go in, mine precious heart, der guests are waiting," he suggests, pointing to Suite V, and for one moment off his guard.

Daphne glances at him in ecstatic rapture, then suddenly throwing her fat arms about his neck kisses him violently, as she murmurs: "Oh, you coy,

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duckling!" and with a kittenish skip and smothered gurgle of suppressed joy disappears through the door.

"Oh—o—ah—oh! If dot old voman had kissed me anudder once more, I should have been seasick mit mineself," he gasps, making a very wry face. "No—no. Not even for der Von 'Arhmein estates can I do it! Oh, mine heart is broken, mine heart is broken! Where—where is dot girl I loaf?" moans the strong man, throwing himself into the deep armchair and burying his head in his hands in unutterable dejection, unheeding the lank, hook-nosed, rather flashily dressed individual who has just entered the hotel.

Looking about furtively, his hawk-like glance resting upon the Prince, the new arrival chuckles: "There's my

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oyster. The Prince I'm going to bust as I would a bucket shop," then thinks: "Hello, he is in despair. My Heaven! has he seen Florence? Have those two turtle-doves recognized each other? Is Spartan Spotts' speculation in the heir-ess widow busted? Is the matrimonial market panicky?" Then he asks in blatant voice: "Mr. Prince, how do you do?"

"Spartan Spotts, mine very good comrade, I've been egspecting you from Frankfort," cries the Prince, starting up and extending his hand in cordial greeting.

"Yes, most everybody expects me and nobody finds me. On 'Change in Chicago the saying was, 'No man ever knows where to put his hand on Spartan Spotts,'" laughs that individual.

"But I do," says Karl trustfully.

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“Do you?” thinks the man from Chicago.

“You have not seen der beautiful American girl I talk mit you about?” questions Karl, excitedly. “Der vun who sings like der birds?”

“No, and you must think of her no more. Your fiancée will be jealous.”

“Spartan, mine comrade, I cannot do it. Mine heart is ausgespielt. I cannot do it!”

“Cannot do what?” demands Spotts.

“Cannot marry dot old voman. I would have liked to be a villain so very much, but I cannot—oh, it is so gruel I cannot be a villain. Sympathize mit me, Spartan Spotts. You do not know how gruel it is to struggle mit yourself to be a scoundrel und not to succeed—but I cannot. When I



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come here and you know mine miserable situation—a Prince und yet a pauper, a beggar mit a grand title—you say, sell dot title, save der Von 'Arhmein estates, marry dot old voman—I tell you I loaf a beautiful American girl—an image—a vision—a beautiful dream dot is now to me, Mein Gott, a horrible night horse—oh—ah—oxcuse mine English dictionary—*she* is feminine—I mean nightmare.”

“The market is falling,” thinks Spotts, then asks in reproving tones: “You really mean to let the widow and her fortune escape you? You won't marry her?”

“I *cannot* do it! Dot beautiful night horse of der past stands forefer between me und dot old voman! Dot girl I loaf—I see her now in grape—all in deep, deep black like a hearse

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mitout der coffin. Once vhen I describe her to you, I tinks you recognize her—oh, if you know vhot she is—vhere she is,” pleads Karl, “tell you it to me vhy she vas in black? Vhy? Vas it for her fader? Vas it for her husband? Is she a widow? Mein Himmel, how I envy her dead husband!”

“Envy him? Why?” exclaims Spartan, in amazement.

“Because he vas once her living husband—vat I can never be—oh, Florence!” sighs the despairing lover.

“Florence!” echoes Spotts, starting in deep concern.

“Yes, dot’s der first end of her name. I know not der odder end,” replies the Prince, sadly.

“Then you won’t marry the rich widow? You will let your family

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estates pass away from you forever?" demands the American incredulously.

"Dey have all gone away now. You have now in your pocket der money received for der last of dem. Der last are sold."

"Yes, to an American widow; but you can buy them back. Think of your ancestors," urges the Chicago adviser.

"Did mine ancestors ever tink of me when dey gambles away mine inheritance? Vhot for is der use of ancestral halls when somebody else lives in dem? No, forever no! Spotts, vhot's der reason you are so anxious for me to marry dot old voman?" questions Karl, suspiciously.

"Your honor," cries the schemer, striking an heroic attitude, and beating his breast dramatically.

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“Oh, Mein Gott, it is dishonor, or dot old voman! All I can do is to pay mine debts und—die! It is so much easier to die mit honor dan to live mit honor,” falters the Prince, despairingly.

“But how are you to pay your debts?” queries Spartan, coolly.

“I’ll show you,” responds Von Arhmein, rising with determination, and going to the entrance of his apartment, he calls: “Herr Briggs—Herr Briggs!”

“Well, Prince?” lisps Howard, coming out with rather unsteady tread, “your wines are perfection, perfection, Princey.”

“Dis morning I from you borrowed one tousand marks—I return dem,” remarks Karl, with dignity, taking a roll of bills from his pocketbook, thinking: “Mine last copper.”

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“Oh, don't be in a hurry, my boy!” drawls Howard Algernon.

“Take your money, Herr Briggs, and mine deep gratitude,” insists Karl, pressing the bills into Howard's hand.

“Mrs. Lowell, I vill be mit her in a minute. Und now, Spartan, der money you haf brought me from Frankfort.”

“I haven't got it.”

“But mine last estate is sold, der last foot I have on German soil, except mine two foots I now have on it, is sold—all gone.”

“Yes, and the money's gone, too,” asserts Spotts, with indifference.

“Don't joak mit me now, Herr Spotts,” commands Karl, haughtily. “Give you to me mine money dot I may pay mine hotel bill und buy some poison.”

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“Young man, the money was paid to your foster brother, Karl Freidman, and he has fled.”

“Vhot! Karl Freidman—I expected him here. He vas to be ze courier to der vidow. He has runned away mit all mine money? Oh, say not so—oh, say not so,” groans the Prince.

“He is said to be so like you he had no difficulty in getting the draft cashed and then absconded with the dough.”

“Ah, mine foster bruder dat I loaf! Gone mit mine last money. I cannot pay mine bills—I am a svindle—der first Von Arhmein dat is a svindle,” moans the young noble in humiliation, fumbling through his empty pockets. “Not money enough to buy a pistol or a poison—not money enough to die. Oh, Spotts, lend you to me money enough to kill mineself mit.”

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“And make myself liable for your death? Not on your shoulder straps,” replies the American.

“Oh, please!” piteously entreats the wretched Prince in broken voice. “It don’t cost much to die. I’ll repay you in der odder world.”

“Prince, your bride is ready for the betrothal ceremony,” interrupts Alicia, calling from the entrance of Suite V.

“Mine bride? Tell mine bride I’ll meet her in der next world—oh, excuse mine English,” stammers Karl, as Alicia starts in surprise, “I mean in a minute. Oh, ke-vick, ke-vick, Spotts—some money to buy death before she comes.”

“If you want to die, drown yourself in that river,” growls Spotts, brutally, turning away.

“I cannot, alas! I am too good a

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swimmer. Innkeeper, lend you to me some money," implores the unhappy fellow, running to Davis, who has just entered.

"But you promised to pay my bill."

"But I cannot pay it. Did I not tole you before I come mit you dot perhaps I could not pay?"

"But I didn't believe you."

"Beggary innkeeper, you refuse to take der vord of a Von Arhmein? You are vell punished for der disrespect. Had you believed me you should not now loose two tousand seven hundredt und fifty marks. Der next time a noble toles you he haf no money, do not dare tink he tells lies mit you."

"Curse me, but I'll believe him quick enough next time," snarls the irate Boniface, ambling back to his desk.



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“Your fiancée is here,” announces Alicia.

“How to die—how to die? Ke-vick! Ah, I vill make him kill me,” thinks the despairing fellow.

“Prince, your bride is blushing even now,” lisps Howard in bantering tone, coming forward with Daphne, who is hanging her head in affected bashfulness.

“Vhot? Is she painting herself some more?” jeers the Prince, glaring at the widow, as she screams and falls into Alicia’s arms.

“Prince, you’re as funny as a monkey,” guffaws Briggs.

“Der second time you have made dot remark, Herr Briggs,” says the Prince, with great dignity. “Funny as a monkey! Dot means funny as a gorilla. Yes! No! An insult! By

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der blood of der Von Ahrmeins you shall kill me for dot," he shouts, advancing fiercely on Howard.

"Spare him—spare my Prince!" begs Daphne, rushing in between.

"No—no—I will not spare him. He shall kill me," thunders Karl, savagely, following Algy about as he skips between chairs and behind the ladies.

"I—I—I will not fight—for her sake I will not fight," falters the dude, limp with apprehension.

"You vill not kill me?" demands Karl.

"Never," answers Howard, with determination, hastily moving toward the door.

"Bless you for that," sniffles Daphne, kissing Howard's hand with grateful enthusiasm.

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“Oh, Mein Gott!” whispers Karl, despairingly, to Spotts, as Daphne comes mincingly forward, with outstretched arms. “He vill not kill me, und dot old voman vill marry me! I cannot die! Vhot for to do next? Ah—it is necessary dot I go like as if I vas crazy. She vould not marry me if I vas a lunaticks.”

“An excellent idea. I’ll help you in it,” says Spotts. “In an insane asylum Florence would never meet him,” he thinks, as he gives the Prince a knowing wink, jumping from him, as if horrified by what he has heard.

“What’s the matter, my petsy-wetsy?” cooes Daphne, trying to embrace Karl.

With diabolical laugh, Karl grabs Daphne, shrieking in bloodcurdling

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tones, "Ha, ha, my Japonica. I laugh mit mineself, ha—ha——" and tosses the frightened old lady into Howard's arms. Then dancing wildly about, he leaps over the counter, pulls the trembling old Englishman from behind his desk, howling: "Innkeeper, I owes you gold. Here is der order of der Golden Fleece," snatching off Howard's necktie. "Fleece your customers mit dot. Behold my promised bride. I gif her mit you," he laughs wildly, dragging Daphne from Briggs's arms and pushing her toward the frightened Davis. "Take mine blushing bride—she's rich."

"He's gone crazy," moans Daphne, trembling in every limb. "He's a maniac!"

"Yes, a maniac," echoes Spotts. "Get a policeman."

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"I'll do it," volunteers Howard, bolting from the room.

"Yes, crazy as a Velsh rabbit—a March hare, I mean. A raving maniac," assents the Prince, bounding into the air, and twirling himself about, barking like a dog. "Who dares deny it? Does you?" he yells, dashing up to Daphne, with glaring eyes. "Does you? Does you?" he bellows, leaping from one to the other, clutching at them, and snapping his teeth as they dodge about, seeking a safe retreat.

"Arrest that maniac!" commands Spotts, pointing to Karl, as Howard returns with two burly policemen, who promptly seize the wild-eyed, disheveled Prince, and bear him struggling and kicking away, as Daphne falls fainting into Spotts' arms, and How-

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ard Algernon jumps onto the counter to escape a vicious kick which the departing noble aims at him.

Suddenly above the excited exclamations of the party in the corridor rise the clear, sweet notes of Florence's voice, singing.

"Mein Gott!" shrieks the startled Prince. "Mine lost loaf! Der Angel of der Tyrol!" now fighting in desperate earnest for his liberty, as the stalwart, but nearly overpowered, officers hustle him along.

## PART II

### A FAINTING WIDOW

AN hour later Alicia, pacing the corridor in solitude, is thinking: "Well, this beats mathematics! Here's a problem I cannot solve. The Prince's sudden insanity—the old widow in hysterics in one room, and the young widow in tears in another."

Her meditations are interrupted by Florence, who comes hastily to her, sobbing: "What have they done with him?"

"Him? Whom? Be exact!"

"The Prince," gasps the young widow between sobs, pressing her

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dainty handkerchief to her beautiful eyes, now overflowing with tears.

“Taken him away to put him in an asylum. He’s crazy!”

“Crazy? Impossible!” protests Florence.

“He said: ‘Misery had made him like a lunatic asylum,’” laughs Alicia, jumping about, imitating Karl’s howls and gestures.

“Misery! Don’t joke about him,” commands Florence. “Don’t you dare mock him. I see it all now. Despair has made him mad and I have caused his misery. I set that usurious innkeeper to hound him to despair with his horrible bill. I—I drove him to madness.”

“You? Why?”

“Because, Alicia, swear that you



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will never reveal! Swear!" pleads Florence solemnly.

"By the sacred oath of the secret order of Tea Drinkers of Vassar."

"The secret Tea Drinkers of Vassar—I can believe that oath," declares the penitent beauty. "Know then that the Prince is the man that I told you about."

"The man you love?"

"The man I *loved*."

"Oh, *past* tense."

"An *intense* tense that shall never become *present*."

"Never?"

"*Never*, if he loved *her*. Oh, Karl, Karl!" the lithe figure swayed by compelling grief.

"Then let me tell you something I suspect," confides Alicia. "I surmise that the Prince was only feigning mad-

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ness to escape the formal engagement to your mother-in-law.”

“Then if he is sane he is still true to me,” cries Florence, her sweet face for a moment radiant with hope. “Yet he asked Daphne to marry him,” she continues brokenly. “No, Alicia, no—I can never love him again. Oh, I have loved!”

“I shall love——”

“I shall love no more. The memory of my lost husband shall keep me a widow forever. But, Alicia, please send across to see what they have done to the Prince, whether he is really insane and if I could not, unknown to him, in some way assist him,” sobs the lovely creature, who has just taken the vow of eternal widowhood, pressing her well filled purse into Alicia’s sympathetic hand. “He has not given me

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the right to pay his bills, but, you understand, I should not like poor, dear Karl to suffer."

"Remember your dead husband," expostulates Alicia, in assumed reproach.

"Oh yes, I forgot," wails the bereaved one. "I am now going to put on black forever. Black for my boy husband. After all, it is very becoming. Oh, Karl—Karl—had you but loved me, what a sweet pleasure it would have been to have paid your board bills," she sighed in intense agitation, ascending to her own rooms.

"Now, to look after the Prince," says Alicia in businesslike voice when she is again alone. "I'll send Algy to give him this purse and find out what is really up. If I can put two

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and two together, Florence will become a Princess the moment the Prince becomes sane. Mr. Briggs—Mr. Briggs!” she calls, striding to the balcony as Spotts and Mr. Davis enter from the apartment recently occupied by the Prince.

“Well, Markey, in half an hour the swindler will be in a lunatic asylum,” remarked Spotts in tones of satisfaction.

“What does it matter whether he is a lunatic if he cannot pay his bill? Don’t you think, to save her fiancé’s honor, the lady he was about to marry would pay his board bill?”

“She is in hysterics upstairs. You might try her,” suggests the exultant schemer.

“I’ll present it to her at once,” declares Davis hurrying away. “I’ll

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make it four thousand marks—two hundred and fifty more for the trouble of collecting.”

“The lunatic asylum is just where I want Mr. Prince,” ruminates the wily adventurer. “Now the beautiful widow—the lovely heiress shall soon be yours, Spartan Spotts. The market in your matrimonial stock is rising, my boy.” He gets no further in his pleasant cogitations, as his glance suddenly rests on a stern-featured, gray-eyed man who is bending over the hotel register, nervously crossing and recrossing his agile legs. “By the Eternal, Dragon, the Chicago shyster. What can he want in Germany?” exclaims Spotts, in troubled undertone.

“J. Cool Dragon, Chicago, Ill.,” scribbles the new arrival, looking over

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the register as he strokes the straggling beard which decorates his square chin, bringing it down to a point in front and then as slowly turning it upward until it tickles the end of his big blue-veined nose. "Ah, at last I've found my man, Karl, Prince von Arhmein," he chuckles as Markey Davis slowly descends the stairs growling in disappointment.

"Oh, cruel, the old woman refuses to pay the Prince's board bill to save the name of the man she loved. The American parvenus have no idea of family honor."

"No, we Americans don't care much for the honor of other people's families," interposes Dragon with a jerky Western twang.

"By your haccent you is Hamerican," ventures the boniface.

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"And by your A's you're Henglish," retorts Dragon with ready tongue.

"Eh," says Markey, putting his hand to his ear.

"Oh, you're deaf, ain't you? Real or pretended," sneers Dragon, studying the old man with his piercing gray eyes.

"Yes, I'm the proprietor of this hotel. You come up the Rhine by boat, I suppose?"

"By train; it's faster. Is lunch ready?"

"Oh, you're a tourist?"

"No. Lawyer. By gum! you would be a hard witness to cross examine. Is — lunch — ready?" howls Dragon.

"Yes, the Prince owes me money," whines Davis, indignantly.

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"Prince Von Arhmein?" demands Dragon excitedly, tugging at his beard with nervous jerks.

"Yes, and he can't or won't pay his bill—the German swindler."

"If you will tell me if lunch is ready," yells Dragon, coming very close to the hotel keeper, "I'll buy the Prince's bill from you."

"Buy the Prince's bill—in full? Lunch will be ready in a minute, and I'll bring you his bill in a second. Thank God, the Prince's bill is good. I'll make it five thousand marks," chuckles the old innkeeper, rushing away to order lunch.

Spotts, who with great consternation has caught Dragon's remark about buying the Prince's bill, saunters up, saying, "How are you, J. Cool Dragon."



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“Spartan Spotts!” exclaims Dragon in surprise.

“The same,” replies Spotts affably. “Why did you offer to invest in the Prince’s paper?”

“Because it is as good as gold.”

“I don’t understand.”

“It is not necessary that you should. By the by, this meeting would be a pleasure for some of your Chicago creditors,” sneers Dragon, jocularly punching Spotts in the ribs.

“Yes, Lard sat down on me, but though often sat down on I am never crushed. I shall soon meet my unkind creditors and crush them by paying them in full.”

“That would astonish them very much. You never paid anybody before, how will you do it now?”

“By matrimony,” asserts Spotts.

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Then demands, "What did you do that for?" as the Chicago lawyer, with a prolonged whistle, turns suddenly to the hotel register.

"I was looking for the girl's name. When the vulture is near the prey is not far off," sneers the Chicago attorney.

"Vulture?" ejaculates Spartan. "Do you mean to assert——"

"Being a lawyer, I never assert anything," interrupts Dragon. "But I'll insinuate that you intend to pay your debts by marrying Mrs. Florence Arhmein Lowell. You are playing a pretty tough joke on your creditors."

"Not at all," replies Spotts pompously. "My creditors shall be my wife's creditors, and Mrs. Florence Arhmein Lowell is the heiress to her adopted father's immense estates."

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"*Was* the heiress," corrects Dragon.

"Was?—*is*. What do you mean?" demands the now anxious schemer.

"My poor Spotts," laughs Dragon tauntingly, seating himself astride a convenient chair, leaning a wiry arm on the back and slowly stroking his beard. "Once upon a time," he continues deliberately, looking down at the ends of his beard, which he has now on a level with his nose.

"Don't try to give me any fairy tales," snarls Spotts impatiently.

"No—but I'll tell you some facts," observes the lawyer, bringing his beard down with aggravating coolness. "There were two brothers, Ludwig, the elder, Prince Von Arhmein, the younger Vogel, who emigrated to America, changed his name to plain Arhmein, not wishing to degrade his

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aristocratic 'Von' by trade, and by trade made an immense fortune in Chicago real estate, which he left first to his heirs male, and second to his adopted daughter, Mrs. Florence Arhmein Lowell. I came to Germany to find his heirs male, and in this pocket," he concludes, tapping his breast exultantly, "are the documents which prove that the heir male is Prince Von Arhmein, the nephew of Vogel Arhmein of Chicago."

"Prince Von Arhmein the heir?" demands Spotts incredulously. "But Florence—what does she inherit?"

"Twenty thousand dollars, which her mother-in-law has spent for her twice over, consequently the heiress you are about to marry gets—nothing," sneers Dragon, rising leisurely and snapping his fingers

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in the other man's face. "Now I will look up the Prince and he shall pay me."

"Nothing also," jeers Spotts, springing up. "Nothing also! Do you hear? The Prince is now on his way to a lunatic asylum."

"Lunatic asylum? Good God!" gasps the lawyer in unbelief.

"He is a raving maniac—maniacs can legally give nothing."

"But trustees can."

"Let me be the trustee. The Prince has no relatives. I'm going to marry Florence Arhmein Lowell, and my wife's property I shall defend as if it were my own."

"No doubt of that."

"Now, if you get trustees appointed and we litigate, what will you get after the estate has been used up in legal ex-

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penses?" argues Spartan. "We, that is my wife and I——"

"Are you sure she will marry you?" interrupts Dragon.

"No—but I'm sure I'll marry her, which is the same thing legally. Now, the very day I marry her, you give me those proofs of the Prince's heirship and make things safe for my wife and I'll give you one-fourth of her property," promises the schemer. "Go in with me and there's money all round."

"Go in with you?" twangs Dragon. "After your record in the States—I am surprised at such a proposal. Spartan Spotts, you have been ex-cotton—ex-stock — ex-petroleum — ex-grain broker — ex-banker — ex-bankrupt — you have busted in all pursuits and never paid man, woman nor child a

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cent. No, I daren't. I'm too honest to be mixed up with you."

"Too honest," scoffs Spotts. "J. Cool Dragon—what have you been? Ex-bummer, ex-lobbyist, ex-legislator, ex-commissioner of excise, ex-alderman, and, my heavens! ex-coroner, and busted your party in all. What I have been to commerce, you have been to politics. If you tremble at my financiering, shouldn't I shiver at your bribery and corruption—which has the blacker record? Were you ever left?"

"Never, except by a railroad train."

"At last we know each other's virtues," cries Spotts, seizing his colleague's brawny hand.

"We thoroughly appreciate each other now," agrees Dragon, throwing his arm over Spartan's shoulder.

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“You said I should have one-third of your wife’s property.”

“I said a *quarter*,” answers Spotts, affectionately throwing his arm around Dragon’s waist and leading him to a chair, “but if you make everything safe for my wife I’ll make it a *third*.”

“A lunatic can’t want money,” laughs Dragon, seating himself astride the chair indicated by the Chicago speculator.

“Not if he does not know he has it. Is it a bargain?” demands Spotts, seating himself in similar fashion on a chair which he has backed up to the one occupied by the lawyer.

“Certainly,” assents Dragon, laying his hand in a friendly decision on Spartan’s knee. “Judgment is entered against the Prince,” he cries, with judicial voice.



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“Yes, curse all foreigners,” cries Spotts in mock condemnation.

“Mr. Dragon, your lunch is ready, and the Prince’s bill is also ready,” interrupts Davis, coming forward with the document in his hand.

“I don’t think the Prince’s bill is as good as it was,” whispers Spotts in glee.

“I don’t think I’ll buy that bill now—eh, Spottsy?” chuckles Dragon, in an undertone, adding aloud as he follows Markey toward the dining room, “but I’m ready for lunch, just the same.”

“Now, then, to make the young and darling widow all my own,” muses Spotts. “I’ve saved her fortune—gratitude should make her love me. In one month Florence shall be my wife. I am going for her now, and

## PRINCE KARL

when Spartan Spotts goes for a thing he generally gets——”

“*Left,*” calls Karl, hastily entering disguised as a courier, and followed by Alicia.

“Who dares to say *left?*” demands Spotts, starting in alarm.

“*I* dared to say *left,*” answers Karl. “Did you not told me, miss, dot *left vas der right vay?*” he asks Alicia.

“Yes, but you had better wait here,” replies Alicia. Then turning to Spartan, she remarks: “The new courier for Mrs. Lowell.”

“Yah,” blurts Karl, assuming great stupidity. “I’s *der first-class Ditch courier for Mrs. Lowhell.*”

“He’s very stupid,” remarks the Chicago speculator.

“Yah—yah, I’s *just so stupid as you vas,*” agrees the courier.

## PRINCE KARL

"Why, he's very like the Prince," cries Spartan suddenly, crossing to Karl and looking at him very sharply.

"He is his foster brother," explains Alicia.

"Yah," grins the Prince. "I'se der Prince's foster bruder—Karl Freidman."

"Come, Mr. Spotts," calls Alicia, "Mrs. Lowell wants you to assist her in getting ready for the Tyrol."

"Yes, I'll join you in a moment," answers Spotts suavely, as Alicia walks toward her aunt's apartment, "but first I want a word with this man." Then turning sharply to Karl, he demands: "So you are Karl Freidman, eh?"

"Yah—I svear I vas Karl Freidman," replies the Prince, wondering if Spotts suspects his disguise.

## PRINCE KARL

“Then I swear you are a thief,” accuses Spartan.

“Dot is a lie,” retorts Karl.

“Is it? Karl Freidman ran away yesterday with the Prince’s money for his last estate, and as the Prince is insane you had the cheek to dare to come here,” cries Spotts in threatening tones.

“Mein Himmel, I forgot dot,” thinks Karl. “Oh, don’t arrest me,” he pleads.

“Unless you obey my orders implicitly I *will* arrest you. Will you do my bidding?”

“Yah — yah,” consents Karl. “Anyding rader dan arrest.”

“Very well, remember,” commands Spotts. “A valuable servant,” he thinks, moving away. “You can wait downstairs,” he orders Karl, who is about to follow him.

## PRINCE KARL

“Vait downstairs like a flunky,” cogitates the Prince, in humiliated surprise. “Yah—yah. I forgot me. I vas a flunky now, und a tief. But I von’t be a tief long,” he determines, as he strides up to the counter and writes on a sheet of paper, which he carefully folds and places in his pocket. “Now Spartan Spotts, Karl, der Prince is dead, but arrest Karl der flunky if you dare! Ah, it feel so funny to be dead,” he shudders. “But I haf to die to escape from dot old voman, so Karl der Prince runned away from dose lunatic officers und drowned himself in der Rhine. But after I vas dead it vas necessary to find a vay to live, und as dot good, kind Mr. Briggs had given me some money in a purse, I shaves off mine moustache,

## PRINCE KARL

buys a courier's uniform, und disguising mineself takes mine own recommendation, und behold me—Karl der courier to Mrs. Priscilla Daphne Lowhell. Ach, Gott! dot old voman again; but I will even 'swallow her,' as Spartan Spotts says, to be near mine loaf. She is here, mit Mrs. Lowhell—Beauty und der beast! Oh, Florence—Florence, did I but know der last end of your name I would follow you till mine heart beats no more," sighs the ardent lover, stepping cautiously aside as Daphne, carrying a lapdog and dressed for traveling, enters accompanied by Spotts, who tenderly leads her to a chair, saying: "Then, my dear madam, you will promise to assist my suit with Florence?"

"Oh, don't talk of marrying to me

## PRINCE KARL

to-day," moans Daphne. "What is marriage to me now? My Prince is insane."

"Mine mistress! When I look on dot old voman, I'm glad I'm dead," decides Karl.

"Don't distress yourself, sweet lady," murmurs the wily Spotts, in pretended solicitude. "I'll look after the baggage. Here, you courier, come along with me to bring it down," he commands Karl.

"Ah, yes, the courier," remarks the drooping old widow, turning to Karl. "So you are the one my poor Prince recommended?"

"Yah. I am his foster bruder."

"You remind me of him," sighs Daphne, looking at him critically through her lorgnette, giving Karl a shiver of apprehension lest she recog-

## PRINCE KARL

nize him. "To-day he was to have been my affianced husband, but insanity has robbed me of him. He can never have the tender privilege of clasping me in his loving arms and the exquisite joy of calling me his little wifey."

"Gott be praised for dot," thinks Karl, getting a little farther from her.

"You needn't go just yet," remarks Daphne. "You resemble the Prince so much, I shall be a very kind mistress to you. You may kiss my hand," she says, condescendingly.

"No—no," stammers Karl. "Don't do dot. I have tasted dot hand before."

"Your modesty reminds me of the Prince," murmurs Daphne, not catching Karl's last remark.

"Yah, he vas a coy duckling," oh-



## PRINCE KARL

serves the courier, hanging his head in assumed shyness.

“My very words. I have seen many coy ducklings in my life, but he was the coyest duckling I ever saw,” moans the old lady, applying her handkerchief to her brimming eyes.

“Dot old voman grieves so much for me dot I feel just as if I vas vhat dey call a brass vidover,” thinks Karl, making another effort to follow Spartan.

“Stand up perpendicular. Here is your mistress,” interjects Alicia, breezily tripping down the stairs accompanied by Florence, who makes a very attractive picture in an exceedingly fetching traveling costume of half mourning.

“Oh, mein Gott! My loaf! My heart's desire!” murmurs Karl, starting in amazement at the beautiful vi-

## PRINCE KARL

sion, with great difficulty restraining his emotion as he brings himself into the correct automaton attitude of a courier.

“Your new courier, Florence.”

“You wish for a position as my private courier?” questions the dainty widow, scarcely looking at him.

“Yah,” replies the Prince in tones that go straight to a lonely heart.

With a sudden gasp Florence whispers to Alicia, in great excitement, “His voice! and the living image of the Prince.”

“I think him better looking,” yawns Alicia nonchalantly.

“No, Alicia—no one could be better looking,” rebukes Florence; then turning to the courier, asks almost affectionately: “Won’t you tell me your name?”

## PRINCE KARL

“He is the Prince’s foster brother, Karl Freidman,” volunteers Alicia, taking a seat which commands a view of the hotel entrance, thinking anxiously, “Oh, why did I send Algy away to look after that crazy prince? He’s been gone two hours. What can have happened to him?”

“Call me only Karl—Karl,” repeats the courier.

“Karl—Karl,” echoes Florence, advancing dreamily towards him as if fascinated. About to take his hand, she suddenly recollects, and restraining herself, haughtily demands: “What salary do you ask?”

“Salary? You are a widow?” queries the Prince, thinking, “Now I will know.”

“Yes, a widow. Why do you ask?”

“I—I—I always charge more vhei.

## PRINCE KARL

husbands are around," he stammers.

"You want me by der month?"

"By the year," flutters Florence in bewitching eagerness.

"Vun whole year?" cries Karl, his enraptured glance dwelling upon the young lady's agitated loveliness.

"Five, if you like. I shall travel in Europe a long time. How much do you ask? I'm very liberal."

"If I ask her too much," meditates the Prince, "she may not take me."

"If I offer him too little, he may not come," reflects the widow. "Will ten thousand marks a year be enough?" she asks impetuously.

"Florence," interjects her mother-in-law reproachfully. "No such salary was ever paid to any courier before."

## PRINCE KARL

“Mamma,” responds the culprit, running up to her mother-in-law, “there never was any such courier before. Ten thousand marks,” she repeats, turning to Karl with beaming eyes. “That’s settled. And now to begin your duties. You can button my gloves,” she adds, languidly, sinking into a chair and extending her plump little hand.

“He’s not your lady’s maid,” intimates Alicia stiffly.

“Button my gloves,” commands the young widow imperiously, stamping her tiny foot as she glances angrily at Alicia.

“Yah—yah, dot I vill,” acquiesces the masquerader, sighing contentedly as he lingers over his task with great tenderness.

“Ah, he buttons my gloves so

## PRINCE KARL

nicely," purrs Florence, looking rebelliously at Alicia.

"Yah, de Countess Auerbach say I vas so good as a patent button hook."

"You buttoned *her* gloves?" demands Florence angrily, trying to draw away her hand.

"Part of a courier's business, sweet mistress," replies the putative courier, with a glance of adoration, gently squeezing her hand.

"Oh, my," exclaims Florence, "he squeezed my hand just like the Prince."

"Karl, you can button my gloves," calls Daphne graciously.

"If he dares to I'll discharge him on the spot!" determines Florence, with flushed cheek and sparkling eyes.

"Der button hook is broken mit himself," replies Karl respectfully.

"Five thousand marks," says

## PRINCE KARL

Markey, in tones of exultation, coming from behind his desk; then calls aloud, "Now, Mr. Dragon of Chicago."

"Dragon of Chicago?" shout Daphne, Florence and Alicia in chorus, looking about.

"Dragoons of Chicago! How de vimen jump vhen soldiers vas coming," thinks Karl, as the Western lawyer enters from the dining room, wiping his beard with the napkin he still carries tucked into his collar, greeting the ladies in jerky and awkward manner.

Of him Daphne, with battle in her eye, demands curtly:

"Mr. Dragon of Chicago, have you come to Germany to find the heir to our property?"

"Calm yourself, madam," he replies

## PRINCE KARL

in assuring voice. "There is no heir."

"A—h—" comes in sighs of relief from the ladies as they reseal themselves.

"Here is Prince Von Arhmein's bill, Mr. Dragon of Chicago, which you promised to pay," says Davis.

"Ah, Mr. Dragon of Chicago paying my bills? I'll soon be out of debt," thinks Karl.

"No, you are mistaken, innkeeper," remarks the lawyer, hastily. "It was some other prince's bill."

"No—no. It was Prince Von Arhmein's bill. Am I to be ruined? Will no one pay the Prince's bill?"

"Yes, I will," cries Florence, impulsively, suddenly rising in determination.

"Florence, why should you throw away your money?" interjects Daphne.



## PRINCE KARL

“Prince Von Arhmein is a pauper—why should you pay his bills?”

“Because—because,” stammers the young lady, blushing in her confusion, “because he was going to marry you, mamma. That is why I will pay the Prince’s bill.”

“Ah, she loafs der Prince still,” sighs the enraptured Karl.

“How much is it?” demands Florence, proudly stepping to the counter, with open pocketbook.

“Five thousand marks,” replies Davis.

“Five tousand marks?” repeats the astounded courier. “Svindling inn-keeper, dot is a lie!”

“Hireling, how do you know it is a lie?” thunders the indignant Englishman.

“Because,” replies Karl, sharply, a

## PRINCE KARL

sudden idea coming to his alert brain, "I've been courier too long not to know dot every innkeeper's bill is a lie."

"I'll pay the bill," insists Florence, with great dignity. "I will not have the Prince's name dishonored."

"Gott bless her for dot!" thinks Karl, as he firmly but gently takes the money from her, saying, "Madam, as your courier it is mine duty to pay your traveling bills, und I cannot permit a svindle. Now, cut der Prince's bill in half," he sternly commands Davis.

"I won't do it," whines Davis, turning appealingly to Florence.

"Pay his bill," ordered Florence, stamping her foot violently.

"Not till I egsamine his books."

"The books are not completed," whimpers the old man, in confusion.

## PRINCE KARL

“Ah—you dare not show dem,” sneers the resolute courier. “Now take twenty-five hundred marks or show me your books, you rascal, or by der blood of der Von Arhmeins——”

“The blood of the Von Arhmeins,” echoes Florence.

“Der foster blood of der Von Ahrmeins,” answers the masquerader, correcting himself.

“I’ll take twenty-five hundred marks,” snivels Markey, writing the receipt.

“Here is your money,” says Karl, taking the receipt and counting out the bills, “und now out of mine sight or I horsevip your souls out of your boots—away! Now, honored mistress,” continues Karl, in subdued and respectful tone as he passes her the bill,

## PRINCE KARL

“please take der twenty-five hundred marks you paid for der Prince’s account out of mine salary.”

“I shall do no such thing,” pouts Florence.

“I am der Prince’s foster bruder.”

“And I am — his — his affianced wife’s daughter-in-law,” almost sobs the young lady.

“I shall pay,” remarks Karl, in very decided voice. “I *insist!*”

“Don’t you *dare* insist to me! Obey me! you courier!” cries the young widow, in such sharp tones that Fido — Daphne’s pet dog, who has been sleeping in his mistress’ lap — suddenly jumps up barking as loudly as his fat, wheezy throat will permit.

“Oh, yah—yah,” accedes Karl, suddenly remembering, “I am der courier. I obey. I vonder did she boss

## PRINCE KARL

her first husband like dot!" he thinks, casting a longing look at the imperious beauty, as he turns humbly away.

"Florence, you have made him quite angry," titters Alicia.

"Isn't he lovely when in a rage. He acts just like the Prince," whispers Florence, in great excitement. "Alicia, I'll make him angry again." Then, turning to her courier, she says, commandingly: "Karl, we leave for the Tyrol in ten minutes. I've just bought the castle of Karlshopp."

"Mine castle! der last Von Arhmein is going to der home of his ancestors as a flunkey," groans Karl to himself.

"Go and carry the baggage to the boat."

"Carry der baggage to der boat!" repeats Karl, starting in astonishment.

## PRINCE KARL

“I, a Von——” he suddenly checks himself.

“Certainly, it is a courier’s duty to carry all the baggage to the boat.”

“Oh, yah — yah — der baggage. How much baggage, honored mistress?”

“Oh, about twenty trunks, more or less,” replies Florence, carelessly.

“Dwenty drunks,” thinks the horrified Prince. “Mein Gott, dwenty drunks! Der first time a Von Arhmein efer carried der baggage to der boat,” he mutters, striding angrily away, as Florence and Alicia call after him jeeringly: “It is the duty of the courier to carry all the baggage to the boat.”

“Doesn’t that make him wild, Alicia?” giggles the little widow. “His hands are as soft as the Prince’s. Oh,

## PRINCE KARL

I am beginning to fall in love with the Prince again. Why doesn't Howard Algernon come back with the news that the Prince is once more sane?"

"Yes, why doesn't Algy come back," thinks Alicia, sadly, as she and Florence return to Daphne, who is trying to quiet Fido.

"Spotts," remarks Dragon, as these two precious schemers re-enter from the balcony together, "I've been watching things here, and you are not going to keep your contract with me."

"I darsn't go back on it as long as the Prince lives."

"But you are not going to marry that little widow, Spotsy. She is falling in love with the courier—Karl Freidman, the foster brother of the Prince."

"Then in five minutes this foster

## PRINCE KARL

brother of the Prince is jailed as a thief," replies the astonished, but determined, Spotts, hurriedly leaving the hotel.

"What's that?" suddenly screams Daphne, as the noise of a terrific crash comes in to them.

"It is the courier carrying the baggage to the boat," answers Alicia, as she hears Karl calling to the waiters: "Flunkies, be careful of dose drunks." In another moment he enters, nonchalantly rolling a cigarette, as he remarks in deferential voice, addressing Florence: "Madam, der courier has taken your baggage to der boat."

"*All* the baggage?" asks Florence, assuming a very supercilious manner.

"Everyding egsept a few light articles, vich I have in mine pocket," replies the courier, producing a blonde



## PRINCE KARL

wig, a powder puff, several hair pins, and a rouge pot.

“You rude fellow! How dare you! Give them to me, quick!” shrieks Daphne, snatching them from him, and unconsciously plastering the be-frizzled wig viciously over the snarling lap-dog’s head.

At the ludicrous appearance of poor Fido, who is fighting hard to tear off the wig, a sudden burst of mischief coming to her vivacious mind, Florence says: “You have not taken all the baggage to the boat. There is mamma’s little dog,” pointing to the struggling Fido. “Carry him to the boat.”

“I—I carry a lap-dog to der boat?” he asks, hoarse with indignation.

“Certainly, take it at once.”

“I always did hate dot dog,” thinks

## PRINCE KARL

the enraged Karl, but with great self-command he says, gently: "Here, Fido."

"How do you know his name?" questions Florence, suspiciously.

"Oh—ah—most all dogs was called Fido," answers the embarrassed Prince. "Here, Fido," he calls, taking the dog by the chain, and fastening one end to his belt.

"I said *carry* the dog," orders Florence.

"It can walk," returns the courier.

"Carry it."

"Oh, yah—I carry it," replies Karl, with a peculiar gleam in his eye, taking the dog in his hand, and holding it out at arm's length.

"And after you have put it on board, make a bed for it, and give it something to eat."

## PRINCE KARL

"I? Make mineself nurse for a dog?"

"*Instantly*, carry it to the boat!" commands Florence.

"Der first time a Von Arhmein carries a dog to der boat," mutters the Prince, hoarse with disgust, as he strides out of the hotel.

"Oh, Alicia, he does everything just like the Prince!" cries the delighted young widow, her admiring glance following the departing courier.

"And now, Florence, we will go also," interjects the mother-in-law, rising.

"Mamma-in-law, you ought to stay until we have heard how the Prince is."

"I shall think of the Prince no more. He is an insane pauper."

## PRINCE KARL

“Then his debts should make him sacred. I shall wait! Oh, will Howard never come?”

“Now, Markey, are the policemen ready?” demands Spotts, entering with Dragon and Davis. “Ah, ladies, ready for the boat? I am your escort for the voyage. Dragon, do the polite,” he adds, waving his hand gallantly toward Daphne, as he offers his arm to Florence, which that young lady promptly declines.

“Not till we hear from the Prince,” she remarks, coldly, fixing an inquiring glance upon the putative courier, who saunters leisurely into the hotel with an empty dog-collar dangling from the chain attached to his belt.

“Der last time a Von Arhmein efer carries a dog to der boat,” the Prince

## PRINCE KARL

is thinking in vengeful satisfaction, as his divinity calls: "Karl, did you see an American coming this way?"

"Yes, und two polices!"

"Who want you," says Markey, abruptly, coming forward with two policemen.

"Arrest that thief!" shouts Spotts, pointing to Karl.

"Thief?" shriek the ladies.

"Karl, tell me you are not a thief!" pleads Florence, bewildered by anxiety.

"I'll prove dot. Spartan Spotts, beware of malformation of character. You say I rob——"

"Prince Von Arhmein of the money for his estate."

"Den mark you dot," comes in the convincing voice of truth, as the hunted one produces a neatly folded paper,

## PRINCE KARL

“you know the Prince’s signature. His receipt in full.”

“Receipt in full, signed by the Prince!” cries the astonished scoundrel staggering back. “This knocks me out!”

“You’d better release that man,” says J. Cool Dragon, authoritatively.

“Oh, Karl, I knew you could not steal,” interposes Florence, looking trustfully into the eyes that speak volumes of gratitude and admiration.

“Vell, I could not steal from der Prince,” replies Karl, with great difficulty retaining the bearing of a courier, when he would be more than Prince to the being still looking wistfully at him.

“Oh, the dog—the collar!” suddenly wails Daphne, who has just had

## PRINCE KARL

sight of the empty collar dangling from the courier's belt.

"Der collar—der empty collar;" repeats Karl, in well simulated astonishment, holding up the chain. "Oh, yah, Fido, he must have drowned himself in der river."

"Drowned himself in the river? Drowned! My Fido!" sobs Daphne, sinking, overcome, into a chair.

"For half an hour we have been trying to find the body in the river," pants Howard Algernon, hastily entering the hotel.

"Half an hour?" remarks Spotts, who has been bending over the weeping widow, whispering words of consolation.

"Der dog drown himself two minutes ago," says the courier, calmly pointing to the empty collar.

## PRINCE KARL

“The dog?” gasps Howard Algeron. “Then you have not heard the sad news? The Prince became a perfect Hercules. In his ravings he knocked the police about as if they were nine pins, by Jove. Piled one on top of the other, and with an awful yell jumped into the Rhine and is drowned!”

“The Prince—dead!” screams Florence, in agonized tones. “My Prince!” she moans, half fainting.

Her words are smothered by the quick embrace of Karl, whose heart is thumping to him: “If she loafs der Prince, vill she despise der flunkey,” as he tenderly raises her in his arms, waving back Spotts and Alicia, who have sprung toward his precious burden. “Stand back!” he commands;



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“come not between a courier und his duty!”

“What do you mean?” snarls Spotts.

“Der duty of a courier is to carry all der baggage to der boat!” comes the defiant reply, as Karl, Prince Von Arhmein, in the disguise of a flunkey, followed by Mrs Lowell’s party, strides rapidly toward the boat, bearing in his enraptured embrace a half conscious beauty, in whose bewildered brain is ringing fragments of the little song she and the man she loved trilled together those happy autumn days in the Tyrol.

## PART III

### A DOZING WITNESS



A WEEK after their departure from the Hotel Bellevue, at Coblenz, Mrs. Florence Arhmein Lowell and her party are comfortably situated in the Castle of Karlshopp, in the Tyrol.

As Mr. Spartan Spotts has observed the unusual attentions which their cou-

## PRINCE KARL

rier has bestowed upon his beautiful young employer, he has become extremely uneasy for fear that his plan to wed the heiress will be balked. Now, as he glances about the sitting-room of the ancient ancestral seat of the Von Arhmeins, where he is chatting pleasantly with the elder Mrs. Lowell, and notes the massive, handsomely carved fireplace, the enormous glittering candelabrum that hangs from the high ceiling, the rows of richly framed family portraits that line the walls, the grandeur and luxury of the furniture and draperies, the wily Westerner thinks how pleasant it will be when he has won the possessor of it all. Still, to gain her hand in marriage, he realizes that he requires the assistance of her mother-in-law, whose feeling in the matter is dictated solely by selfishness.

## PRINCE KARL

With this in mind, the ex-speculator says in serious tone to his companion: "Madam, I fear you will lose Florence."

"Oh, how you shock me, Mr. Spotts!" screams Daphne. "You really think it?"

"Think it? I know it!" replies Spartan, emphatically. "It strikes me like a falling market. I tell you your daughter-in-law is falling in love with her courier."

"You fear they might elope? We widows are so impatient—I mean imprudent," replies Mrs. Lowell.

"All the journey here, you noticed how attentive he was," returns Spotts. "On the Rhine boat, he bullied the steward for her. At Dresden, the day was hot, he fanned her; at Munich, the day was cold, he wrapped her in rugs;

## PRINCE KARL

at Innsbruck, she was tired, he carried her upstairs."

"Oh, that was merely part of a courier's duty," observes Daphne, deprecatingly.

"Was he equally attentive to your wants?" asks the Chicago speculator, pointedly.

"No. When I ordered him to do the same for me, the creature was surly," is the lady's answer.

"No widow could stand such attentions long, and unless you stop it, your daughter-in-law becomes Mrs. Courier."

"She has taken off mourning again. She has forgotten her dead angel husband," cries the mother-in-law, in tones of condemnation.

"A sure proof she's thinking of an

## PRINCE KARL

earthly spouse," interjects her listener.

"But how can I stop it?" interrogates Daphne, fiercely.

"By marrying her to me. Florence is bound to marry somebody, every sparkle of her eyes says she's going to bull the market on husbands," exclaims the ex-stockbroker, in great earnestness, pompously striding about. "And where will you find a more generous son-in-law than Spartan Spotts? I have no mother—you will always be her mother-in-law. Join with me and we'll make Mr. Courier's career a career of misery and despair. He is proud—pride should be humbled. We'll humble his pride, and when we have driven him away from Florence, under your influence——"

"Yes," assents the exasperated wid-

## PRINCE KARL

ow, "I will exert my influence. I'll bring all the sad recollections of her first husband before her——"

"To make her take a second," chimes in the schemer. "Ah, madam, if I had seen you before I met and loved Florence," he murmurs, seizing Daphne's willing hand and kissing it fervently.

"Oh—Mr. Spotts," giggles the old lady, coquettishly, "I——"

These sweet confidences are interrupted by the unwelcome voice of the courier, which comes to them through the open window, saying, "Der grasses is too vet for your small foots, honored Madam."

"See 'em! There they are! Curse it! Like two spring chickens in a clover field," splutters the indignant Spotts, starting up and rushing to the window, followed by Daphne.

## PRINCE KARL

"Oh, he's carrying her across the stream," screams the scandalized mother-in-law.

"It's the courier's duty to carry all the baggage to the boat," sneers Spartan. "The market's panicky, but, Madam, come with me. I'll show you how we'll stop the courier's duty," he hisses, viciously, grinding his yellow teeth in jealous rage, and leading Daphne toward the door, is leaving the room as Florence calls: "Karl, the window is high—assist me!"

Dropping his companion's flabby arm, Spotts rushes back to the window, eagerly extending his hands, as he says: "Permit me," and would lift the laughing young lady into the room, but a lithe figure flashes between, the proffered hands are caught in a mighty grip, and with a graceful bound, the



## PRINCE KARL

despised courier is through the window, saying, "Thank you, Herr Spotts." Then getting between Spartan and the opening he leans far out and lifts the object of his adoration to his side.

"Curse him!" mutters the baffled plotter, striding away. "Before night I'll make that flunkey black my boots."

Unconscious of the humiliation the infuriated Spotts is planning for him, Karl continues in his solicitous attention to the fair young being who is now so dependent upon his care. Hastily summoning a maid, he orders: "Hot slippers for Madam. Madam's foots is wet—hot slippers at vunce!"

Hearing his command, Alicia enters hurriedly and asks: "Florence, are your feet wet?"

"No, but he is so careful of me he

## PRINCE KARL

*thinks* they are," confides Florence, with beaming face.

Rather shocked by the increasing interest her friend evidently takes in the courier and the importance she attaches to his attentions, and believing it her duty to "put the fellow on his proper level," Alicia turns to the disguised Prince, saying somewhat sharply: "Karl, several of the peasants from the neighboring hamlet have been here asking for you. They say you owe them money."

"How to get away from here ker-vick?" thinks the startled Von Arhmein. "If dose peasants see me dey vill know I am not Karl Freidman," and would leave the room, but Florence calls to him: "Karl, your feet are really wet. You told me you have

## PRINCE KARL

a delicate throat. You must be very careful of yourself."

"Oh, yah—yah," responds Karl, in plaintive voice, an ingenious thought flashing through his quick mind. "I tole you der high atmospheric pressure of der mountain air gave to me bronchial affections." Then, coughing severely, he places his hand upon his chest as if suffering great pain.

"Oh, what a fearful cold!" cries the young widow, in alarm.

"Yah, I has a cold cough. Den vun reason of mine engagement mit you vas dot I heard you would travel in Italy. It is good for consumptives," replies the putative courier, in melancholy voice, ending with a deep, hollow cough that seems to indicate a case beyond all hope.

"I shall leave for Italy to-morrow.

## PRINCE KARL

Go and change your boots at once. With such a cold you must be very careful," insists the agitated Florence, in such tender, caressing tones the ardent young fellow's pulse quickens in a spasm of joy.

"Oh, mine foots is all ridt," asserts the Prince, exultantly, for the moment forgetting the humbler bearing of the flunkey.

There is something in his tone and such a suggestion of possessive desire in his burning glance that seems to dominate her very being in rapturous response, the fluttering young widow is startled by her own emotion, and rising hastily, commands: "Go and change your boots at once! Remember, you are my *courier!*" and moves haughtily from his presence, followed by Alicia.

"*Courier?* How she crushes me mit

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dot gruel vord! Here, in der hall of mine ancestors," moans the despairing lover, pacing the oaken floor in deepest dejection. Raising his troubled eyes to the pictures adorning the wall, his words come in pathetic accent through trembling lips, "I—a flunkey—look at mine pictorial propagators who vas princes—I dot carries lapdogs gaze on dem vhat carried swords." Stopping in front of the portrait of his father, with fingers tightly intertwined, palms touching and arms extended in piteous appealing reproach, he sobs: "Oh, mine fader, mine fader! Why did you gamble away *all* mine moneys, und make me a flunkey?" Overcome by misery and humiliation, he sinks into a chair, burying his proud head in hands now made weak by mental anguish.

A little pause, and mingling with his

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sobs comes that sound, than which there is no sweeter music to the masculine ear, the rustle of silken skirts, and with it a thrill telling him that *she* is near. His sore heart is soothed, and he murmurs in calmer tone: "But a flunkey to her! Der kindest, der gentlest mistress dot efer made a flunkey mad mit loaf! I'll try if she still loaf der Prince; if so, I will be der Prince; if not, I will be der flunkey, und as a flunkey I vill vin her loaf. But it is necessary dot I leave here," he reflects. "Der peasants vill tell her I vas not Karl Freidman, but Karl Von Arhmein, und so I must have a cold cough," he determines, getting nearer to the entrance through which he now distinctly hears well-known footsteps slowly, almost timidly, approaching. He coughs loud and vigorously, ending the attack with one

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long drawn whoop that sounds like the wail of a departing spirit.

“Oh, Karl, what a fearful cough,” shrieks Florence, dashing into the room.

“Yah, I am hoarse mit mineself,” groans the artful Prince, rolling his eyes, and staggering as if about to fall.

“Alicia! Quick! Karl is very ill! Some red flannel and a cough mixture!” entreats Florence, in anxious tones, as she nervously feels his pulse, which her touch has brought very near the danger point.

“Ret flannel und a cough mixture? Vhot for is dot?” gasps the patient.

“For your cold—your frightful cold!” stammers the nurse. “Now sit in this chair,” she coaxes, gently, pressing him into a seat.

“Alicia, a foot-stool—he is not strong,” she murmurs, bending her

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beautiful head to conceal her confusion, as she tenderly places his feet on the stool—for try as she may, this lovely girl-widow cannot quiet the wild throbbing in her breast. Is it anxiety or—she will not answer herself, but says: “I will bind up your throat.”

“You vill bind up mine droat? Dot is all ridt,” he replies, apparently speaking with difficulty, wheezing and whistling through his nose, as he had been wont to do in his youth, in imitation of a much disliked, asthmatic and meddlesome old uncle.

“Italian skies will make you well, and to-morrow we will be in Italy,” promises Florence, trembling in anguish at every wheeze or cough, as she carefully swathes his throat in flannel. “You shall show me the Bay of Naples by moonlight. You shall be my gondo-



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lier on the Grand Canal at Venice.”

“Moonlight mit her—der Grand Canal mit her——” thinks the enraptured Prince closing his eyes; “dot vill be Hea—Donnerwetter!” he yells, in agony, frantically clutching his throat.

“What *is* the matter?” shrieks the horrified nurse.

“A pin stuck in mine droat,” asserts the struggling, wild-eyed patient.

“I’ll fix that,” is Florence’s relieved assurance, and with increased tenderness and caution, she is gently rearranging the bandages.

Spartan Spotts appears at the door, and for a moment glares upon the scene, but hastily retreats, growling in rage: “Curse it, she is coddling him like a baby!”

“Does that soothe you?” interro-

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gates the widow, every word a caress.

Getting possession of the dear little hand that is so temptingly near, and leaning back in his chair with eyes closed, Karl sighs contentedly: "It makes me feel as if I was in Heaven mit angels swimming all round mine head."

"Oh, they all talk that way just before death," whispers Florence, in terror, springing up and dragging Alicia to her side.

"He looks well enough," declares the mathematical young lady, dryly, after carefully scrutinizing the reclining figure.

"Well enough?" echoes her friend, angrily. "Alicia, a mathematical education dulls the sensibilities." Then she pleads: "Oh, can't you do something for him?"

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“I will order a mustard plaster for his chest,” volunteers the Vassar girl. “A good, *strong* one, too,” she chuckles, slyly glancing at the courier as she departs on her mission.

“A mustard plaster? I vill have to get vell or she vill kill me,” cogitates the pardonable impostor, catching the twinkle in Alicia’s eye as she passes, and he tries to indicate signs of returning strength as his lovely attendant approaches bearing a bottle of medicine, and says, with entrancing solicitude: “Now, close your eyes, open your mouth, and see what your kind nurse will give you.”

“Anyding *she* gives me must be nice,” imagines the confiding lover, opening his mouth so wide he cannot stop the burning concoction the fair one pours down his throat, though he

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leaps from his chair like a young deer, grasping his throat, chest and stomach in desperate efforts to arrest its fiery course. "*Donner und Blitzen!*" he shouts. "Oh, it tastes so bad as if it was a poison. Did you ever give your dead husband dot?"

"Often, when he was sick," stammers Florence, finding it difficult, even in her anxiety, to keep from laughing at the antics of the sufferer.

"Now I know what killed her dead husband," thinks the burning, smarting Prince. "After dot I dare be sick no more!"

"You are better now, I hope," cooes the fair one.

"Yah—yah! I shall improve in Italy. Honored Madam, you will surely make departure for Italy tomorrow?" queries the invalid, patheti-

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cally, still writhing as the biting potion circulates through his inner being.

“You seem anxious to leave this place,” observes Florence, sympathetically.

“Yah, mine cough — cold ——” wheezes the masquerader, coughing spasmodically.

“Oh! let me give you another spoonful of medicine,” cries the fond nurse.

“No—no—*Mein Gott*—no!” objects the Prince, springing aside, in apprehension. “Mine cough—cold is much better, but der recollection of dis place is painful to me. It vas der home of mine dear foster-bruder, der Prince Von Arhmein.”

“You loved the Prince?”

“I loafed him just so vell as I loaf mineself.”

“Then I’ve a surprise for you!

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What in all this castle did the dead Prince love the best? Tell me, and I will give it to you."

Gazing upon his interrogator, so bewildering in her beauty and tenderness, the courier has need of great will power to control the wild beating of his longing heart.

"Vell, in all dis place I tink he best loafed you," he slowly replies, in the husky voice of repressed emotion, his attitude tremblingly expectant.

"Me! Oh, no, he did not!" she contradicts, her queenly head drooping in confusion.

"He vas mine foster bruder, vhot he knew, I knowed also."

"But the Prince did not know my name."

"He knew vun end of your name—Florence," murmurs Karl, dwelling

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upon the name in notes of intense love, his eyes filled with dreamy passion, "und he described you to me vid all der fury of a raging loafer, so burning dot your image lived like der face of a grand old painter's pet angel, photographed on mine memory forefer. Oh, how dot Prince loafed you."

"Loved me! Yes, with the love of a fortune hunter," jeers Madam Indignation, pouting her pretty lips, but blushing demurely as she meets the lover's glances. "I saw him—this man you praise—paying court to my mother-in-law because he thought her rich. No, I can never believe he loved me, but I forgive the Prince because he is dead."

"But he egspained to me all about dot," urges Karl, in conciliatory voice. "He vas very miserable because he

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thought you vas lost to him forefer. His heart vas dead; but his pride lived, und vhen Spartan Spotts said to him: 'Marry mit dis old lady—she vill save your lands,' he tried to sell himself for der honor of his ancestors, but he could not do it, so he drowned himself."

"But you were not in Coblenz until afterward," protests the widow.

"He sent to me a letter."

"Have you the letter?"

"I vill get dot letter."

"Will that take long?"

"Not long," replies Karl, striding toward the library. "About so long as vill take me to vrite dot letter," he thinks.

"No, I'm sure of it now," soliloquizes Florence, looking after the retreating figure. "I grieve no more for the dead Prince; he has passed from



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out my heart. A living man is in his place, and yet at times—a suspicion overcomes me.” The fair brow, knitted in perplexity, quickly clears; the sweet face once more becomes radiant with new born happiness. “No—no! That is impossible! I took him to-day where I first met the Prince, and he seemed to know the spot.” Again the shadows of doubt cloud the beautiful features, but are as quickly chased away by vivacious hope. “But he has lived here all his life and should know the spot also. The servants are new ones and would not know either the Prince or his foster brother, and yet he’s anxious to leave here; but his health compels that. Was that a cough?” she shudders. “Oh, his cough is fearful! Every hack pierces my heart.”

With love and anxiety contending in

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her pure young bosom, the girlish widow crosses to the open window, looking pensively out over the grand, peaceful scene, and awaits the return of the man who now holds her heart.

So absorbed is she in her love dream, she does not note the entrance of Spotts, as he comes almost stealthily into the room. Finding the object of his pursuit alone, the wily Spartan ruminates: "Now is my chance to give the widow a touch of the tender. I'll be both tender and practical — my pet speculation." Approaching with an air of confidence, he observes: "Ah, Florence, your mother and I have just been discussing you."

"Was I interesting?" asks the young lady, nonchalantly.

"Very. Alicia says you are going to Italy."

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“Yes, to-morrow morning.”

“This is sudden, but we’re all going with you. You need a chaperon.”

“Oh, certainly!”

“Now, if you were married, you might go without one. You need a masculine protector,” suggests the ex-stockbroker, trying to get very close to the wealthy young widow:

“I have my courier, in whom I have every confidence,” comes the haughty response.

“Your courier! Your courier does not amount to much,” sneers Spotts. “In a fight, if you encountered bandits, Karl would be of little use. He is such a consumptive looking fellow.”

“Oh, you don’t think he will die?” exclaims Florence, in alarm, going toward the library.

“No such luck,” thinks Spotts, fol-

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lowing until he manages to get between her and the door. "Now, on your tour in Italy, you need a fighting protector—a man to bully bandits and maul brigands, and *I'm* that man," he asserts, striking an attitude which he had once seen taken by an actor playing the rôle of Buffalo Bill.

"And you could do all that?" demands Florence, who is greatly amused by his bravado.

"Couldn't I?" ejaculates Spartan, noisily slapping his hulky breast with his sprawling, hairy hands. "I've faced angry creditors too often to fear anything that eats," he concludes, mentally.

"And what do you propose?" asks the young lady, languidly sinking into a convenient chair, inwardly laughing at her wooer's heroics.

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“That you marry me and give me the right to defend you,” cries the delighted Spotts, awkwardly kneeling. “Your mother-in-law thinks it’s best on moral grounds that there should be a man of the family in the party, and that little conversation we had on a Rhine boat makes me feel that when time has dimmed——”

“Oh, I remember,” interrupts his listener, with a mischievous smile, and an adroit movement of her chair which sends the kneeling Romeo prostrate on the big bear rug at her feet. “You offered to marry me and I told you that when I did marry it would be to obtain a father and not a husband,” she laughs.

“Well, I feel paternal,” ejaculates the unabashed Romeo, recovering from his undignified position.

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“But now my mind is changed. When I marry, it shall only be to obtain a husband—a man who loves me.”

“Now you *are* talking—a romantic and ardent husband—that is my line of goods. Florence, I have loved you with a passion burning, till I can burn no more. Your answer,” pleads the schemer, seizing her hand and kissing it violently.

Rising hastily, the annoyed one is confronted by her angry courier, who stands like a statue of reproach in the library door, with a letter in his hand. “Perhaps you don’t want now to see dot letter,” he remarks, sullenly.

“Not when you address me in that tone. Remember, I am your mistress,” is the haughty reply.

“All riddt, honored Madam,” retorts

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Karl, with flashing eyes, as he tears up the letter, and scatters the pieces on the floor.

“ Oh, the Prince’s letter!” cries Florence, in disappointment. “ So—you are not anxious for your dead foster brother’s good name! You prefer that I should despise his memory,” she adds, in icy tones. “ Go and order my private carriage to be ready for me to-morrow morning.”

“ But you go by rail.”

“ No! By post-horses from Milan over the mountain.”

“ Dot lonely road! Der road on which Sylvio Salvolio, der great Italian brigand, takes prisoners, males and females, for ransom!” demands the anxious Von Arhmein.

“ I go over that road! What do I care for the terror of the mountains?”

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answers Florence, with proud indifference.

“But if he should capture *you?*” pleads the unhappy lover.

“Ah—you fear to protect me—me, the mistress you are paid to guard! Are you a *coward?*” asks the disdainful beauty, her Cupid-bow lips curved in scorn.

“A—a—coward? I—a Von—oh, if a man called me coward!” mutters the Prince, hoarse with rage. Striding up to the Chicago man with challenge in his gleaming eyes and nostrils distended, he shouts: “Mr. Spotts, don’t *you* vant to call me a coward?”

“Karl, have you lost your senses? Do as I bid you! If *you* are afraid, *Mr. Spotts* will protect me. Leave the room!” commands Florence, imperiously, though her heart is crying out:



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“Isn’t he majestic! How I love, adore him!”

“Oh, she loafs Spotts—she loafs Spotts!” is the courier’s anguished conclusion, as he sadly turns away.

“Rely on the courage of a Chicago grain broker,” shouts the American, retreating, however, as the courier hastily returns and calls, as he advances: “Mr. Spotts, von’t you *please* call me a coward?”

“Karl, if you do not obey me, I will discharge you!” threatens the trembling widow, coming between the men.

“*Discharge me!*” echoes Karl, in measured tones of pathetic amazement. “*Discharge me!*” he repeats, with reproach and anguish in his eyes, as with bowed head and deep, hollow cough, he slowly takes his departure.

“She jumps at every cough as if she

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were stabbed," mutters Spotts, as with the eye of a lynx he watches Florence, who stands, panting in agitation, gazing after Karl. "I must make myself solid—I must try the protective policy. Wonder if I couldn't get up a corner in bandits?" he cogitates quietly making his exit as he wisely decides that this is not a propitious moment for pressing his suit. "By all the grain elevators of Chicago, the terror of the mountain shall be Spartan Spotts' little joker!"

"If Karl coughs like that again," the panting Juliet is thinking, "I shall love him. What made him so angry? It cannot be he is jealous! If so—but no—he could never have the audacity—my manner has been too dignified, too austere for him to ever dare to love me, his mistress." Then seeing frag-

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ments of paper about, she gathers them up carefully. "Oh, the pieces of the Prince's letter — his signature," she adds in astonishment.

"Can I come in mit mineself?" calls the welcome voice, very humbly.

"If you have obeyed my orders," consents the delighted sweetheart, though she does not look at the penitent as he meekly enters, saying, in a melancholy way: "Yah, der horses is ordered."

"Poor Prince, you loved me. It is better you are dead, for I am false to you," sighs the young widow, apparently not noticing the intruder, and still reading the letter.

"You like dot letter? You know the Prince loafed you? Vas true mit you?" ventures the culprit.

"This letter proves it. Yes."

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“Dot vas a nice letter. If der Prince vas alive, how you would loaf him!”

“I should break his heart!” murmurs Florence, glancing very tenderly at her courier.

“No—no—you couldn’t do dot—he loafed you mit a passion tender like as der music of an Italian opera. Oh, dot Prince vas a fellow who would give to you his heart’s blood und be glad when you vas thirsty to drink it,” pleads Karl, his melodious voice vibrant with passion, his magnificent chest heaving with overpowering emotion, as he comes forward with arms outstretched, burning desire in his eyes, his very being trembling with supplication.

“If the Prince were alive, I should not love him now,” falters the dainty widow, surrender in her heart, but reason telling her it must not be just yet.

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“Because—because, I have learned to love another,” she stammers, hastily gliding from the room.

“Loaf anodder — loaf anodder,” cries the lover, spasms of astonishment and anguish overspreading his noble countenance. “*Mein Gott*—it is dot Spotts! Perhaps dot Spotts would like to call me a coward,” he mutters, with an expression in his military eye that bodes no good to the American.

There is a shuffling of uncouth feet and a very bedraggled, disheveled creature, wearing a battered hat, a long, linen duster, no collar, no vest, a very much soiled garment doing duty as a shirt, boots out at the toes and trousers that may have been black or brown in days gone by, but now gray with dust, jerks himself into the room, saying in strident tones of impatience to the ser-

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vant who is following: "Tell Mr. Spotts that Mr. Dragon, of Chicago, insists on seeing him *at once*."

"Mr. Dragoon, of Chicago, will you take a chair?" asks Karl, suddenly recovering himself, as he recognizes the Western lawyer. "You look hot, don't it?"

"I am hot," puffs Dragon, vigorously slapping his legs with his dilapidated hat, which sends the dust circulating through the air. Then grasping the tail of his duster by the corners gives it a lusty shaking, either to fan his back or to remove the dust—Karl cannot decide which. "I've had a long journey from Coblenz here, and the walk from Innsbruck to Mirian is both dusty and long," he continues, as he seats himself astride the chair indicated by the Prince, and extending his long,

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lank legs and looking down at the dusty toes peeking through his broken boots, "but I had to see Mr. Spotts."

"You must loaf Mr. Spotts to wear out your boots for him. Vhot for you valked?" asks the putative courier.

"I was out of money. My remittances did not come," confides the lawyer.

"Ah, you vas busted."

"Yes, busted in a foreign land."

"Dot is hard. I has been busted mineself on a four-in-hand," replies the sympathetic listener.

"You see, I spent all my money hunting up proofs of the Prince's identity," explains Dragon.

"Vhot Prince?" demands the courier.

"Prince Von Arhmein—but when I

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found them he was dead," is the disappointed response.

"Yah, der Prince vas dead," asserts Karl, nodding his head with an air of deep melancholy.

"They have not yet found the corpse in the Rhine."

"Oh, der corpse is far away from der Rhine now. Vhot for did you want der Prince?"

"For what, is of no use, now the Prince is dead."

"I am his foster bruder. Wouldn't I suit you for der Prince?"

"No, the Prince had no blood relatives."

"Blood relatives! Vhot for did you vant der Prince? Tell me dot, und I vill give you dis," promises Karl, holding a gold coin before the hungry Westerner.



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“ My first fee in Germany,” chuckles the lawyer, eagerly seizing the money. “ The reason I wanted the Prince was because if he had lived he would have been very rich.”

“ Der Prince rich! *Mein Himmel!* Der Prince rich!” ejaculates the incredulous Karl.

“ But my labor is useless, as he left no heirs,” sighs Mr. Dragon.

“ But he might have left a vill,” suggests Von Arhmein, with ready wit.

“ A will!” exclaims the lawyer, springing up. “ Why did I never think of that before. A will!” he repeats.

“ Do you know of a will?”

“ I vill bring to you a vill,” is the assuring answer.

“ Will it take long to find it?” demands the excited lawyer, a fever of curiosity in his veins.

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“Not long,” comes tersely from the young man, who is striding toward the library with military dignity. Then he adds, *sotto voce*: “About as long as it will take me to write dot vill.”

“A will,” laughs the almost hysterical Westerner. “Now to get myself appointed executor under that will, and then J. Cool Dragon is on the surface once more,” he ponders, in his exultation forgetting hunger and fatigue, as with hands crossed on his back, under his duster, he nervously paces the floor, giving the tail of his seedy garment spasmodic flops at every turn.

“Ah, Dragon, so you took the trouble to come here to bother me again,” snarls Mr. Spartan Spotts, entering the room and regarding his fellow countryman with annoyance.

“Look at me!” apologizes Dragon,

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turning suddenly and exhibiting himself. "I had to."

"Well, you ain't a very pretty picture. You look broken, like your boots," is the unfeeling rejoinder. "My Heavens, you didn't come here to borrow money from me?"

"I'm cleaned out. I spent my last dollar trying to find that Prince," whines the lawyer, thinking it wiser to "feel his way" before mentioning the possibility of a will.

"And when you found the Prince, he was dead, and you couldn't work me out of a part of my wife's fortune."

"My remittances haven't come to hand. You are the only American I know — help a fellow citizen in a strange land," pleads Dragon.

"And you walked your boots off to ask me to do that! J. Cool Dragon,

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you are such an idiot Chicago blushes for you. Did I ever lend anybody anything? Borrowing is more my line of business," laughs the jeering Spotts.

"And you won't lend a starving countryman money enough to get back to the States?" entreats the suppliant, in affected misery.

"Not two coppers!" is the blunt refusal.

"Well, I am happy to say," remarks Mr. Dragon, as he walks leisurely up to Spotts and snaps his fingers under that gentleman's nose, "*I don't want it!* The Prince has left a will!" he adds, in triumphant voice, again, fanning his back with the tail of his duster, and sauntering pompously away.

"A will? To whom did he leave his money?" demands the astounded Spotts, quickly jumping up.

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"I don't know, but I will in a minute," loftily draws the lawyer, nonchalantly arranging his bedraggled raiment.

"Then let's go on together, and impound that will. You and I, Dragon, my boy, as fellow citizens. You know, old pard, we always were chums at school," coaxes the schemer, trying to get his arm around Dragon.

"No more contracts with *you*," sneers the lawyer, waving him aside with a lofty gesture.

"Half of my wife's fortune," pleads Spotts.

"*No more contracts with you*," reiterates the dusty traveler.

"Dot vill," announces the courier, saluting respectfully, as he returns from the library, and presents a paper to Dragon.

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Hastily opening the will, the lawyer reads aloud: "Last will and testament of Karl Von Arhmein, Prince of the German Empire, etc." A rapid glance over the document and he turns to Karl, saying: "You appoint me your lawyer?"

"Yah, dot I do," is the quick assent.

"Then I congratulate you," cries Dragon, warmly shaking the courier's hand. "This will leaves you, Karl Freidman, everything."

"How much is dot? Vhot vas der Prince worth," demands the half-dazed beneficiary.

"Millions!" comes the impressive response, as the weary attorney, firmly clasping the will, slides into a convenient chair, his eyes agleam with anticipation, as a servant places a glass of wine and some refreshments, which

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Karl has thoughtfully ordered, on the table before him.

“Millions! *Mein Gott!* Millions!” exclaimed the courier, in wonderment, thinking: “I vill tell her! I vill buy back all the Von Arhmein estates und live in der halls of mine ancestors!”

Attracted by the sounds of excited conversation, Florence, accompanied by her mother-in-law and the “young lady from Vassar,” comes hurriedly in.

Springing forward to give her greeting, the jubilant Prince voices his joy: “Honored Madam, congratulate me,” he cries, bowing with profound dignity before his adored one. “Mrs. Lowell, congratulate me! Miss Alicia, congratulate me!

“Spartan Spotts, congratulate me!” he continues, rapidly moving to each, with extended hand.

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“Damned if I will!” mutters the disgruntled Spotts, in an undertone, as the astonished ladies demand in chorus: “Congratulate you for what?”

“Honored madam, der Prince has left me a large, large fortune,” replies the masquerader, turning anxious eyes upon Florence, who has remained standing while Alicia conducts her aunt to a chair near the window.

“A fortune! Oh, I’m so glad for your sake, Karl!” cries that young lady, offering her hand in enthusiastic congratulation. Receiving a clasp that thrills her like an electric shock she quickly turns away to hide her blushes.

“This estate was left by an American uncle of the late Prince and consists of real estate in Chicago,” interjects Dragon, with an air of great importance.



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“Real states in Chicago; whole states, *Mein Himmel!*” is the Prince’s delighted comment.

“Railway shares in Michigan Southern—” observes the lawyer, stroking his beard with satisfaction, and slowly sipping his wine.

“I own stock in that railroad also, Karl!” chimes in the sweet voice of the young widow.

“Gold mines in Colorado!” continues the legal voice between munches.

“Gold mines for her!” intones the lover’s wildly beating heart.

“I have also a gold mine in Colorado!” asserts Florence, her eyes beaming with a strange light, as she listens to the recital of her courier’s possessions.

“Dot is funny,” reflects Karl, as his lady love adds in sadder tone, her fair

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face made even more beautiful by the conflicting emotions it portrays: "And now I suppose you will go away!"

"Go away—from you?" he asks in wounded surprise.

"Yes, you will give up your position as my courier?"

"No—no, I shall be still your courier! When you is hot, honored madam, who would fan you? When you is cold, noble lady, who would wrap you up mit rugs? When you is tired, kind mistress, who would carry you up der stairs? No, *Mein Himmel!* not for vun hundred thousand thalers would I let any odder man be der courier—to mine—to you, madam," protests Karl, with such ardor, the mother-in-law, who has been listening almost in bewilderment, but now thoroughly aroused, would interpose. She is restrained, however, by

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the mathematical young lady who desires a calm solution of the situation.

“And various other properties and effects which are left by the late Prince Von Arhmein,” drones the legal gentleman, unheeding interruptions, “by this document dated eight months ago, completely and wholly to his foster-brother, Karl Freidman; you have witnesses to this signature?” he interrogates.

“Yah, I saw der Prince sign dot vill mineself,” replies the courier, resuming his role of the honest flunkey.

“Why didn’t you prove that will before?”

“I did not know der Prince had anything to leave.”

“I know the Prince’s writing,” volunteers Florence, looking over the lawyer’s shoulder. “Yes, I’ll swear that is the Prince’s writing,” she adds, care-

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fully scrutinizing the document which Mr. Dragon holds out to her.

“Then, madam, I am deeply sorry for you!”

“Sorry for me?” echoes the astonished young widow.

“Vhot mean you by dot?” demands Karl, striding up to the lawyer.

“Vogel Arhmein of Chicago—” the legal gentleman begins.

“Yes! yes! my adopted father—” interrupts Florence.

“Was the uncle of the late Prince. Consequently the late Prince was his heir male, and inherited under your adopted father’s will,” continues Mr. Dragon.

“The Prince was the German heir?” demands Florence, in agitation.

“The Prince the German heir! Ruin! Ruin! Ruin!” shrieks Daphne,

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struggling away from Alicia and making a pass as if to snatch the document from the attorney.

“These documents prove that; examine them—” remarks Mr. Dragon, intercepting Daphne’s gesture, as he places the will in Florence’s hand.

“Vell, vhot matter dot to her?” demands Karl, arrogantly.

“It means that all of Florence’s property under the Prince’s will becomes yours; that you are rich but Florence is a pauper,” blurts out the angry mother-in-law.

“I have robbed mine loaf of all her money. I have busted mine loaf,” thinks the Prince in dismay.

“Yes, there is no doubt. The Prince was my adopted father’s nephew and heir,” accedes the suddenly impover-

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ished beauty, calmly returning the document.

“You must contest the matter,” shrieks Daphne.

“Get a lawyer and fight!” blusters Spotts, measuring the would-be contestants with quiet scorn. Florence stands before them, a very Portia in dignity and grace, saying, in resolute tones: “I do not need a lawyer to tell me what is just.”

“How noble,” murmurs Karl, under his breath.

“Mr. Freidman,” remarks the young widow, advancing as she addresses him.

“Mr. Freidman!” comes in startled voice from the pseudo courier. “Oh, don’t call me dot!”

“I have been enjoying your property,” continues the young lady, unheeding the interruption; “I have been

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spending what is yours. I owe you a large amount of money."

"No—no," is the earnest protest.

"Even this castle was bought with your money and is yours. Come, mother and Alicia; let us make ready to go."

"Go?" stammers the dazed courier.

"Yes, Karl, but I thank God you are rich. May you be happy." A sob almost chokes the voice of the young woman.

"No—no!" exclaims Karl, for one brief moment gazing at her in troubled perplexity. Suddenly a look of infinite relief gets into his soulful face, and striding up to the lawyer, he demands: "Vhy don't you read der co-di-cile?"

"The codicil?" echoes the Chicago counsellor.

"Yah, der co-di-cile."

"There is no codicil," objects Drag-

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on, with judicial directness, carefully looking at the will.

“Vhot! did I not bring dot co-di-cile? Den I vill *get* dot co-di-cile!” ejaculates Karl triumphantly, going on his quest.

“A codicil to the Prince’s will—I don’t think it can make much difference to me,” sighs the erstwhile heiress.

“Of course not to *you*,” remarks the mother-in-law, her mind buoyant with a wild hope.

“Mamma, it may leave the property away from Karl, but we must resign ourselves to poverty,” replies Florence, resolutely.

“The will left him all! What a fool that fellow was to remember the codicil,” interjects Spotts.

“Mr. Spotts, don’t you dare to call



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Karl a fool!" promptly commands the beauty.

"As his attorney, I shall prevent his showing that codicil until I have read it," decides Mr. Dragon, rising hastily and moving towards the library. He is met at the door by Karl, who is waving a paper, at the same time crying exultantly: "I has just found dot co-di-cile."

"I am your lawyer; give me that codicil," orders Dragon, reaching for the document.

"I does not need a lawyer to tell me vhot vas riddt. Der co-di-cile," replies Karl, eluding his attorney and passing the paper to his goddess.

Glancing at the document, Florence gives a little gasp of astonishment and cautiously moves toward the open fire, which has just been kindled by an at-

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tendant, as the mountain air is getting chilly with the approach of evening. Her heart is wildly throbbing, for she has seen that the ink on the signature is not yet dry. "Oh, how generous—how noble," she is thinking, as she looks upon her lover, who has again assumed the attitude and bearing of a flunkey.

"Karl, is my name in it? The Prince loved me," confides Daphne, getting near to him.

"I did not look," answers the Prince, tersely.

"What does that codicil say?" asks Dragon, anxiously.

"It is dated after the will and leaves everything the Prince possessed to me," is the measured response of Florence.

"Everything to you!" exclaim her listeners, in unison.

"Because the Prince loved me," she

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concludes, giving Karl a penetrating glance.

Then her excited auditors gather about her.

“God bless the Prince,” is Spartan’s fervid comment.

“Straight once more!” comes from the Vassar girl.

“Florence, my daughter,” gushes the mother-in-law, “our congratulations.”

“Mine, too,” pipes in the attorney.

Turning from the others, she extends her hand to the legal gentleman and says: “Mr. Dragon, will you dine with us? I’ll see that you are properly reimbursed for your trouble. We go to Italy to-morrow. I wish you to accompany me to draw up some papers in regard to my American property. It is indeed fortunate that I can obtain an American lawyer to do it.”

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“Madam, I’ll take both your dinner and your fee,” assents Mr. Dragon. Then he hesitates and mutters: “But my raiment?”

“Oh, Mr. Spotts will attend to your needs,” replies the new client, affably, giving the delighted Spartan a look of confidence, “and now, friends, let us prepare for dinner,” adds the charming hostess.

“Oh, Florence, your appeal has made me love you more than ever,” whispers the joyous Spotts, offering his arm.

“She is going to eat mine dinner und drink mine vine, but she forgets me,” is the heartbroken reflection of the wounded Prince. His anguish brings inspiration into him—his “cold cough”—and instantly a deep hollow cough breaks upon the air; another and an-

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other follow in rapid succession, as the artful swain seems to bend in agony.

“Thank you. I will join you in a moment? Please precede me, Mr. Spotts,” cries the startled widow, who had been casting furtive glances at the lonely figure that had held aloof during the excitement of the codicil. “Prince and courier, both,—but now to me, all Prince. How I love him! But I must punish him for his trick,” are the thoughts rushing through her mind, as she nears the object of her adoration, and calls, “Karl.”

“Honored madam!” replies the putative courier, feigning great distress, as his cough continues.

“We leave for Italy to-morrow, so you needn't cough so much,” remarks Florence, simulating indifference, though longing to place comfort-

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ing arms about his neck to drive away that look of despair by tender, passionate caresses. "And after to-morrow I shall have no further use for a courier."

"No furdur use for a courier?" gasps the startled Prince. "You vas going to *discharge* me! Have I not done mine duty?" is his piteous appeal.

"Yes, but in Italy I hope to marry," is the lady's coy response.

"Who—tell you to me, *who?*" implores the stricken lover in such agonized tones his punishment would end there, but thoughts of the great reward she means to bestow on the morrow, and perhaps some fleeting recollection of his wooing of the venerable Daphne getting into her vivacious mind, she holds back her confession and hurls forth the cruel answer: "The man I love," as she darts from the room.

## PART IV.

“WHAT HAPPINESS! I AM TWO MEN,  
UND SHE LOAFS DEM BOTH”

FLEEING from Prince Karl Von Arhmein, the man she now knows she loves better than life itself, Florence gets to a little private writing room in the left wing of the Castle from which she sends an imperative summons to Mr. Dragon of Chicago, to join her there immediately. With burning cheeks, eyes sparkling with passion, her round soft bosom rising and falling like the billows of a troubled sea with the pent up emotion she tries to conceal, she dictates a document to her attorney that astonishes him beyond be-

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lief. Then sending her apologies to the other guests at Karlshopp, pleading sudden indisposition and begging to be excused from dinner, she takes that meal in her own apartment fighting a great battle with herself—for she is determined to give her love only for love's sake.

Missing the enlivening company of their charming hostess, as well as that of the loquacious Mr. Briggs, whose unaccountable absence greatly depresses the young lady from Vassar, the assembled party have a very quiet repast which they seem anxious to hurry through, especially Mr. Dragon. The legal gentleman mumbles strange exclamations between his savage munching of food and rapid gulping of wine, at the same time keeping up such an air of startled mystery that Miss



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Alicia, unable to longer bear the strain, rises abruptly, begging to be excused as she hurries off to the drawing room in the hope of getting some news of the missing Howard Algernon.

Entering the room which is now made very light by the many candles burning brightly in the massive candelabra on tables and mantel, and the cheery glow of the open fire blazing high in the grand old fireplace, Miss Mathematics at once dispatches the attendant to make inquiries about the belated "Algie." Left alone, she gives voice to her anxiety by calling loudly "Howard Algernon: Mr. Briggs: Algie, where are you?" and is nearly thrown off the perpendicular, as she would put it, by hearing a very sleepy "ah-ou-oo" from the library.

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“Mr. Briggs!” she joyously exclaims, rushing towards that room, “you’ve missed your dinner!”

“Missed my dinnah!” drawls Howard, sauntering forward. “Oh, gracious, don’t say that.” Then seeming to appreciate his loss, for Mr. Briggs is on very good terms with his stomach, which he never intends neglecting, he would bolt from the room, but Miss Mathematics lays a detaining hand on his arm saying: “But you haven’t heard the news!”

“News after dinnah, fair one,” lisps the hungry man, gallantly kissing Alicia’s firm, strong fingers, whose brief but tender squeeze for one moment makes his heart master of his stomach.

“It is such wonderful news that it

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will take your appetite away," affirms Alicia as her tender caress receives a very ardent response.

"Take away my appetite," ejaculates Howard. "Then it is the most wonderful news I have ever heard!"

"Florence did not appear at dinner and I could not remain till the end, and you know I am too mathematical to be easily twisted in my differentials. It's about the dead Prince. Karl Freidman, the courier, found in the library a will by the dead Prince leaving all his property to him, his foster brother, so we thought poor Florence ruined——"

"The miserable forger!" interrupts Howard, but Alicia does not catch his remark, being too much confused by the unexpected appearance of Mr. Dragon, who hastily enters with a quantity of writing material, followed

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by her aunt leaning on the arm of Mr. Spotts.

“Mr. Dragon, don’t draw it up—don’t draw that paper up,” pleads Daphne.

“As a lawyer I must obey my instructions,” replies that gentleman with great firmness, placing his writing material upon the table at which he seats himself.

“You shall not draw up that document. I, her mother-in-law, forbid you.”

“Mothers-in-law don’t amount to much in law,” defies the attorney, looking over the papers and preparing to write.

“Mrs. Lowell, calm yourself,” interposes Mr. Spotts, moistening a handkerchief from the widow’s cologne bottle, which he places on the table,

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attempting to soothe her by laving her hands.

“I cannot calm myself—it’s too horrible!” shrieks the old lady, trembling with rage.

“Yes, it’s perfectly awful,” interjects Howard, trying to get attention, but is brushed aside by the excited woman who goes on not heeding him.

“I heard Florence before dinner give instructions to that horrible lawyer to draw up a settlement of her property on Karl Freidman. I have been trying to get at her, but she will not admit me to her apartments.”

“Horrible, indeed,” is Mr. Spotts’ sympathetic answer.

“Dreadful—awful—I—I—” stammers Algernon, “I say—I—say—*Oh I say,*” he continues, loping up first to Daphne, then to Dragon and again to

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Daphne, but as he is never taken seriously by any one except Alicia, they pay no attention to him.

“How has that miserable menial infatuated that silly child?” wails the mother-in-law.

“How, madam? By means of that *will* and *codicil*? Don’t you see how he played upon her feelings with the *first* and made himself solid with the *second*?” replies the outwitted schemer.

“That codicil certainly was produced most curiously.”

“Yes, let me tell,” urges Howard, trying to get in a word.

“Did you notice when I had him arrested at Coblenz he had a receipt written by the Prince? My nose is a commercial one, not a legal one, but at present it scents *crime*,” asserts the ex-stockbroker impressively.

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"*A crime?*" shrieks Daphne, nearly fainting.

"Yes, I know, I—I——" stammers Howard, struggling to be heard.

"Madam, I'd bet both that will and codicil are forgeries by Karl Freidman of the Prince's signature."

"*Yes, I saw him do it,*" shouts Howard Algernon, determined to be heard.

"Saw him? Heaven bless you!" cries Daphne, trying to embrace him.

"Ecstatic joy—saw him!" demands Spotts, now all attention.

"*Saw him!*" iterates Dragon, jumping up. "*A witness! Great Scott!*"

"Saw him! Oh, logarithms!" exclaims Alicia.

"Young man, *what did you see?* Now, be very careful, sir; remember this is *legal,*" cautions the attorney.

"I was dozing on the sofa in the

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library about two hours ago and that Freidman ran in, wrote a document and rushed out with it in such a beastly state of excitement that he did not see me. Five minutes or so afterwards he bolted in again, wrote another and flew out, jabbering to himself like a crazy man."

"*We have him,*" chuckles Spotts.

"In the *library*, you said?" remarks Dragon, striding off in that direction.

"Oh my, a criminal in the house!" shudders Daphne.

"The wretch should be *arrested!*" asserts Howard, pompously, noting the admiring glances Alicia is casting his way and beginning to think himself quite a hero.

"Yes—yes! Before Florence can compromise herself any further," accedes the mother-in-law.



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“ At once! She might marry him! ”  
chimes in Spotts.

“ Get a policeman, quick! ” orders  
the mother-in-law, nearly overcome by  
the thoughts of Florence marrying  
again.

“ Auntie, there are no policemen in  
the village, ” corrects Alicia, trying to  
calm the old lady as she leads her to a  
chair.

“ I’ll get the mayor and the vil-  
lage guards then! ” exclaims Mr.  
Spotts, rushing away to execute his  
threat.

“ I’ll tell Florence, ” remarks Alicia,  
leaving the room.

“ *Never*, she’d warn him to fly!  
Howard, run after that girl; don’t let  
her speak to Florence, and watch that  
Karl does not escape! ” commands  
Daphne, turning to Howard, who is

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only too glad to follow the departing Vassar girl.

“The idea of that ignoble creature daring to forge the Prince’s signature,” sneers the old lady. “What have you been to the library for, Mr. Dragon?” she demands suspiciously, as that gentleman returns, holding a blotting pad.

“*Evidence*, my dear Madam. This blotting pad has been blotted with the last will and testament of Karl Von Arhmein. I proved it by the looking glass!”

“You can *convict* the courier?”

“On this I could convict an alderman!” laughs the attorney, opening the will.

“Have you any specimens of the late Prince’s writing?”

“But one, the last note the dead

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Prince ever sent me," smirks the flustered old lady.

"Produce it!" directs the attorney.

"Oh, sir—spare my maidenly, I mean widowly feelings—he was my fiancé," murmurs Daphne sentimentally, hanging her head in affected bashfulness.

"Produce the evidence," orders Dragon, sternly.

Coyly turning aside, the ex-fiancée produces from the hidden recesses of her corsage a three cornered note which she tenderly, almost reverently kisses, murmuring: "Love's souvenir — oh spare my blushes," as she falteringly holds out the missive to Dragon who is thinking: "By gum, but the old gal is soft!"

Opening the note, he reads aloud: "Mine honored wall flower, you have

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asked me to call mit you; I accept on der condition dot you guard your angle voice——”

“He means *angel* voice,” interrupts Daphne.

“Guard your angle voice mit care,” the lawyer continues, giving the witness a very severe glance, “und sing no more Peek-a-boo——”

“His favorite melody,” sighs the lovesick listener.

“—to me, Yours mit affectations, Karl Von Arhmein.”

“He means my *affection*—my dear dead sweetheart Prince,” almost whispers the widow in rapturous contemplation of joys that might have been.

A sniff of disgust from Dragon is the only reply vouchsafed this rather amorous effusion. Finishing the Prince’s note and carefully comparing

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the handwriting with that of the will, he remarks sententiously: "It will be very difficult to convict the forger."

"Difficult to convict—the courier—why?" demands Mrs. Lowell.

"Because," answers the lawyer in judicial voice, holding the letter and the will up to his interrogator, "the handwriting on both of these, though very peculiar, is *exactly the same.*"

"Precisely — exactly," agrees Daphne.

"If experts in chirography are called in the case they may swear that the handwriting in the note and the handwriting on this will were *made by the same man.*"

"*The same man!* that is impossible! one is *dead*—the other one *alive!*"

"That's nothing to stagger experts on penmanship!" laughs the attorney.

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“The Prince’s body was never found—they might be fools enough to contend that the Prince is still alive.”

“Still alive?” ejaculates Daphne, staggering forward, and with a scream falls almost fainting against Dragon’s clapboard-like torso.

“My dear madam,” cries the startled man, in his surprise wildly fanning her with the precious will. Regaining his self possession, he thinks: “Wish I were a doctor—I could charge her a fee for this,” then adds aloud, as the patient slowly revives: “What is the matter, my *client*?”

“Nothing much,” she gasps, “only such a romantic idea came to me,” and drawing away from the lanky arms that gladly give her freedom, she waddles off thinking: “Can it be the Prince in disguise following me? I’ll investi-

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gate his luggage and if — Oh — the ducky!”

“This is a curious case,” meditates the Westerner, pacing the floor; “from the evidence it appears that the courier loves his young mistress and forged a second time to restore the property to her. By her instructions to me, it is equally evident that Florence loves him.” Turning in his walk, he sees Karl, who is slowly approaching. “Ah, here comes the forger! How sad he looks—perhaps his first crime,” he concludes as with bowed figure, his white face drawn and wistful, the courier looks about sighing, “No, she is not here. Perhaps she is mit dot Spotts. Oh dot Spotts,” he repeats in a half sob, half growl, sinking into a chair.

“The young widow would not like him imprisoned,” reflects the lawyer.

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“I’ll give Karl a hint to escape,” and tapping him on the shoulder, says, “Freidman, you had better go.”

“Go? Go where?” asks the disconsolate fellow, slowly rising.

“Go away, anywhere, get out of the house! Your young mistress wishes it!” urges Dragon, trying to hustle the suspect off.

“Vell—am I not going away tomorrow? In Italy she discharges me!”

“But she wishes you to go now! It’s to save you!” persists the lawyer, a little more gently, for even his usually callous heart is touched by the pathos in Karl’s voice and eyes.

“Save me? From what? From being hungry, from being cold, from being made to sleep mit a haystack? Oh no, she could not be so cruel as to



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send me forth to-night," dissents the despairing courier.

"Look here, Freidman, this injured innocence won't do. Your forgery of the Prince's will is discovered," blurts Dragon, impatient with himself for the sympathy he cannot help feeling.

"Mine forgery? *Mein Himmel!*" exclaims Karl, starting in apparent alarm.

"Yes, Spotts has gone for the mayor of the village to have you arrested," warns Dragon.

"Der mayor of der village?" thinks the masquerader. "He vill recognize me for der Prince Von Arhmein, und den—den mine beloafed one vill lose to me all her money——"

"Ah, you believe me?" asserts the lawyer, his suspicion increased by the courier's perturbed manner.

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“Yah—I must go now—kvick before der mayor comes about. But let me say good-bye to *her* just a leetle before I runs away,” pleads Karl pathetically.

“To Florence? No; it would agitate her too much. After you are gone, we’ll explain your forgeries to her. It will be better for her to despise you,” remarks Dragon.

“You tell her dot I am a forger? No, no, I could not bear dot, I could not bear dot,” moans Karl.

“You appear repentant,” intimates the Westerner, again moved by the appealing eyes and broken voice of the accused. “This forgery is your first crime?”

“Only *one* before dis.”

“*Another crime?* Great heavens, what was it?”

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“Suicide. I killed mineself,” is the laconic confession.

“Suicide?” laughed Dragon. “Suicide! Absurd!”

“Yah!” insists Karl with great solemnity. “I placed der body of Prince Von Arhmein under der cold vaters of der Rhine. Vas not dot suicide?”

“Bloodthirsty villain, that was *murder!*” affirms Dragon, starting back.

“But let me have an explanations mit you,” urges Karl, trying to lay his hand on the lawyer’s arm.

“Keep your blood tainted hands off me,” shouts Dragon, springing behind the chairs and around the table, “or I’ll cry for assistance,” he pants excitedly.

“But, Dragoon, listen mit me,” pleads Karl, following him.

“Never! Slayer of your foster

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brother! Avaunt, you beast! This will break the heart of the unhappy girl who loves you!"

"*Who loafes me?*" is Karl's astonished demand.

"Yes; the unfortunate Florence," replies the lawyer, gasping for wind and watching for Karl's next movement with the wary eye of a hawk.

"You tink Florence loafes me? God bless you for dot hope. Dragoon, God bless you for dot hope! Oh, Dragoon; Dragoon! you have made me as happy as if I vere an angel!" cries the happy Prince, wildly seizing the brawny hand of the lawyer who for a moment is off guard.

"Unhand me, homicide!" yells the terrified Dragon. "I go now to swear out a warrant. Don't hope to escape the gallows, you hardened villain!" he

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bellows, bounding off like a frightened steer.

“Dot small leetle hope dot Florence *loaf* me vould keep me here if dey arrest me for forging mineself one thousand times. But I must act mit dispatches. When dot old voman knows I am der Prince, she vill claim me und mine fortune, und den — Florence — Florence!” cries the Prince, unconsciously raising his voice.

“Did you call me, Karl?” comes in sweetest accents as a radiant vision that would charm Saint Anthony himself floats to his side. Robed all in white, some gauzy clinging material that twists about her exquisite figure would make her look like a statue but that her cheeks have two little blushes upon them and her eyes are made unnaturally bright by the generous resolve shining

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through them as she looks upon the master of her heart.

“ I dare to call mit you, honored mistress? No—no, Karl is not dot kind of a courier,” is the humble answer, though the piquant beauty blushes even more deeply under the ardent glances that seem to be devouring her with passionate desire as he gazes upon her loveliness.

“ But you mentioned my name,” she murmurs in caressing voice.

“ Oh, I vas talking mit mineself,” confesses the Prince.

“ Talking about me? What were you saying, Karl?” archly demands the young lady.

“ Oh, I take a seat mit yourself,” suggests the courier, offering her with stately grace a chair by the fire. “ I vill poke up der fire some more; you are

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cold mit your circulations—don'd it?" he asks in tender solicitude, resting one hand on the arm of his goddess's chair, while with the other he stirs up the fire sending a shower of warmth through her dainty figure that is trembling not with cold but with emotion, for she is thinking: "How thoughtful he is of me! Now is the time to make the courier a prince forever and then to make the Prince forever happy." With apparent unconsciousness her little fingers fall with the lightness of a lark's feather upon the patrician hand of the Prince. His perceptible start sends a thrill of rapture through her being. Gently but firmly he raises her hand to his lips—the moment is painful in its ecstasy of love and doubt, when Florence breaks the spell by languidly withdrawing her hand, saying: "There will

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be no need of a fire to-morrow night—we shall be in Italy on the Grand Canal—in Venice together, Karl—by moonlight,” she sighs happily.

“Yah, und der next morning you vill discharge me! How you expects I vas going to live den?” he replies moodily.

“Would grief kill you?” asks Florence, in bantering voice.

Wounded by her sudden change of tone and bearing, the infatuated lover regards his tormentor in wonderment; then with a flash of indignation replies sturdily: “No, but hunger vould. Der blood of der Von Arhmeins flows in mine veins.”

“The blood of the Von Ahrmeins?”

“Der *foster blood* of der Von Ahrmeins,” stammers Karl. “It is a hungry blood und demands sausage. It is



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a thirsty blood und calls for beer, und sometimes don't got it," he jeers.

"Ah, you fear the coming of my new husband, Karl."

"If I fear him, it cannot be *me*. Ah, how she makes me torture!" groans the Prince in undertone, crossing to the far side of the commodious fireplace.

"Karl, which is the best place in Italy to spend one's honeymoon," nonchalantly calls Florence, extending her pretty little slippered feet out toward the glowing logs.

"Der honeymoon? Der honeymoon mit Spotts," sighs the despairing swain. Then with love, jealousy and hate battling in his aching heart, he snatches a poker and beats the fire as if he sees in its gleam the taunting visage of his hated rival.

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“ I am to be married in Italy, Karl, to the man I love. Quick, tell me a nice honeymoon country in Italy,” innocently babbles the fair one.

“ Oh, Florence,” cries Karl in an anguish of reproach, “ I—” suddenly checking himself, he resumes the respectful attitude of the servitor, his innate manhood striving for supremacy over what he now feels is a hopeless love, though the scalding tears of a strong man in his extremity well up to his burning eyes.

“ Ah, *Florence*,” she sighs; then says vivaciously: “ Yes, I am told it *is* a pretty city. Can you guess to whom I am to be married, Karl?”

“ Yah—I know him!” is the savage reply ground out between clenched teeth.

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“Whom can he imagine I mean?” ponders the capricious beauty, adding aloud: “And you *like* him?”

“Oh, I *loaf* him!” sneers the putative courier, seating himself at the grand piano which the new owner of the castle has insisted upon having there, declaring that it makes the stately old apartment appear more “American and homelike.” Running his strong, agile fingers over the ivory keys, he goes on, punctuating his speech with crashing chords that thunder forth the mighty emotion agitating his soul. “I loaf him like one first class, high screeching, brass action tenor singer does der tenor dot screams louder und higher mit him—*dot's how I loaf him!*” he concludes, with a bang that nearly rends the instrument.

“Oh, that is not respectful,” re-

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proves his listener, rising in well simulated hauteur. "The man I am to marry is very handsome."

"Oh, loaf is a very flattering photographer," is the rueful comment.

"Think of it; sunny Venice will cure your cough," comes in conciliatory tones.

"Yah, it would if I ever got dere," wails Karl, grateful for the suggestion which starts up his "cold cough" with renewed vigor.

"Are you so ill as that?" falters the repentant Florence; then rising hastily in her alarm, she declares: "I—I will get a mustard plaster."

"No mustard plaster, honored mistress," objects Karl, "to-night I go away from here."

*"Leave me? Leave me here alone?"*

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gasps the young widow, leaning against a chair for support.

“You vas fainting,” cries Karl, springing to her assistance.

“Why, your arm is around my waist,” murmurs the fluttering Juliet.

“Part of a courier’s duty,” calmly replies Karl, trying to stifle the wild beating of his heart as he tenderly places her in a chair.

“Oh, how stupid he is!” thinks Florence, as she commands faintly, “Some cologne!”

“Cologne?”

“Yes, for my heart.”

“How puts you cologne on your *heart?*”

“I mean my *head*. There’s some on the table,” directs the patient, pointing to the bottle her mother-in-law had forgotten.

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“All ridt,” remarks Karl, assuming great humility as he takes the cologne, putting some on his handkerchief. “Perhaps it would be better for me to call Mr. Spotts to do dis,” he suggests with a furtive glance at the reclining sufferer.

“No, he is not my courier—you,” pleads the fair one.

“Oh, yah, part of a courier’s duty,” he assents, more gently, absorbing love again dominating his soul. “A nice part of a courier’s duty,” he softly murmurs.

“You are going away? Why?” sadly inquires Florence.

“Because to-night dey have me arrested.”

“*Arrested!*” cries the startled sweetheart.

“Yah, for forging der Prince’s

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name to dot vill. Oh, say you to me you does not tink me *guilty* of dot," begs Karl.

"Of forging the Prince's name? Oh, I know that is *impossible*. Finding that codicil was a lucky thing for me, Karl. If the Prince had lived——"

"If der Prince had lived, you would be beggar voman."

"No, with the Prince alive, I should have everything, for the dead Prince loved me."

"He loved you, but not you him."

"Oh, yes, *but now I do love him*," confesses Florence, rising and returning to the open fire.

"Love him—love a dead man?" demands Karl, in unbelief. "Oh, how der corpse's heart is beating," is the thought surging through his excited brain.

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“When he signed that codicil he wrote his name forever on my heart,” sighs the young widow.

“If she loaf der Prince, *mein Himmel*, she don’d loaf der courier,” reflects Karl.

“Were he here, I would say to him even as I do to you, Karl, were he a poor courier as you are, that I love him. Were the Prince alive, what would he say, Karl?”

“Vhot he says, dot he, Karl, der poor courier, has become a Prince by your love. Dot if der Prince’s heart vere cut into leetle pieces each leetle piece would cry out, ‘Florence, I loaf thee.’”

“Karl, my Prince!” cries Florence, in tones of joy.

“Oh, if I could—if I dared—but, no, no, not yet,” replies Karl, by a mighty effort restraining his ardor.



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“*Not yet?*” echoes the young lady, drawing back in surprise.

“*Karl! Karl!*” interrupts the unwelcome voice of his erstwhile fiancée.

“*Oh, despair!*” shudders Von Arhmein, “*dot old voman is coming. Mine brain gets an idea mit himself. Listen, mine beloafed, vhotever I do, don’d you doubt me. Tink you she vould refuse der courier?*”

“*Beyond a doubt,*” Florence has just time to whisper before her mother-in-law comes in bearing in her hand the Prince’s Order of The Golden Fleece, which she presses tenderly to her lips, murmuring: “*Oh, my joyous heart!*” as she places the emblem on the table.

Striding almost fiercely up to her, the would-be deceiver bursts forth: “*Daphne—I, der poor courier, have*

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fallen deep in loaf mit you. Don'd reproach me, darling of mine heart, light of mine life, your beauty drives me to subtraction! Tink not of your high position und mine ignoble station," he pleads, wildly throwing himself at her feet: "Tink only of mine fiery loaf dot is boiling me up!"

"Come to my heart, my precious one," cooes the old lady, making a frantic effort to drag him to her breast.

"Mein Beezlebub!" gasps the wooer, staggered by such an unlooked for *contretemps*.

"Oh, despair!" faintly sighs Florence, sinking down in astonishment.

"Think you the eyes of passion are blind?" gushes Daphne. "Think you I did not know love's masquerade? My own princey — princey — All the time I knew, you naughty boy. Come

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to my heart, sweet one," she urges, making another effort to embrace him. "Now that you are the Prince, all Florence's property is yours, of course, dearest. Oh, Mr. Dragon," she calls, as that gentleman, in the company of Alicia and Howard, enters the room. "I have found the Prince alive—see—his Order of the Golden Fleece!"

"A part of the villain's plunder," decides the lawyer, examining the bauble held up to him. Then, getting sight of Karl, who has improved the interruption by getting as far distant from Daphne as possible, he exclaims, pointing an accusing finger at the masquerader: "Good heavens, madam, that is *not the Prince*; that is the Prince's *murderer, a thief and a forger!*"

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"Mercy, great lawyer," whines the accused, sinking down in well-feigned abjection.

"He's *not the Prince?*" Oh horror!" shrieks Daphne, trying to get away.

"But you still loaf me, swear that you vill marry me, beautiful one," fawns the courier, rushing after her and trying to seize her hand.

"*Never!* Audacious wretch! *I hate you!*" snarls the disappointed woman, angrily pulling away from him.

"Free," whispers the enraptured daughter-in-law.

"Free as der air," replies Karl, in exultation, and would go to his true sweetheart, but is intercepted by Mr. Spotts, who comes hurriedly in, followed by the mayor of the town and

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two gendarmes. With hate in his eyes and insolence in his voice, Spartan says: "Freidman, we want you!"

Seeing the officers of the law and quickly realizing his position the Prince glares back at the intruder, demanding in the voice of a superior: "Spartan Spotts, vhot for you vas always having me arrested?"

"*Forgery* of the Prince's will and *murder* of the Prince! Take him into custody, Mr. Mayor," commands Spotts.

Advancing to obey the American's order, the mayor suddenly stops, aghast; then sinking on his knees before Karl, stammers: "Your Highness — my humble excuses — Prince Von Arhmein, I humbly take my leave." Suiting the action to the word, he rises hastily and departs with his officers.

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“The Prince! Oh, golly galoo!” draws Howard Algernon.

“The Prince! Oh, logarithms!” exclaims the young lady from Vassar.

“Great Jehosaphat! What does this mean?” pipes Dragon.

“It means dot I am der Prince,” proudly announces Karl.

“Back to the woods, friend Spartan!” jeers the lawyer, in terse Western vernacular, glancing significantly from the Prince to Florence, as they stand gazing into each other’s love-lit eyes, oblivious to all else. “Follow the leader,” he laughs, moving rapidly toward the door, playfully nudging Mr. Briggs as he passes.

With ready American wit the assembled guests take Dragon’s diplomatic hint, quickly departing on their several ways. Spartan Spotts, swollen with

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rage and malice, as ignoble spirits are wont to be when foiled in their scheming; poor old Mrs. Lowell, weighed down by wounded vanity and gnawing avarice, fit punishment for years given over to selfishness and unworthy ambitions; Alicia and Howard, happy together, their characters so widely different in most respects, one being a complement to the other, which is perhaps the most perfect union; and last, J. Cool Dragon, a mixture of good and bad, a man who as a lonely orphan had been buffeted about till his natural tenderness of heart had been well-nigh smothered, but his better impulses always predominating if watered even but sparingly by kindness or a grain of grateful recognition, his spirits now buoyant in the hope that the young Prince and his lovely bride may not for-

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get the great service he has rendered them.

Wrapped in the supreme joy of the moment the young noble stretches forth his arms and meekly, even as if he were still the courier, falters: "Florence, you say you loaf der Prince, you say you loaf der courier—make your choice!"

"Both, Karl!" cries the blushing beauty, flying to his arms.

"*Mein Himmel!* Vhot happiness! I am two men und she loafs dem both!" murmurs the Prince, in ecstasy, crushing the trembling figure to his wildly beating heart.

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